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A Prize Story written expressly for the "Times."

REGINALD'S REVENGE;

OR, THE ROD & REPROOF.

BY MISS S. J. C. WHITTLESEY,

Author of "Heart-Drops from Memory's Urn;" "The Hidden Heart:" "Herbert Hamilton, or, The Bas Blue;" "The Stranger's Stratagem, or The Double Deceit;" "Alice Afton;" "The Bug-Oracle," &c., &c.

CHAPTER I.

And thus, I exclaimed, is the pitiless part
Some act by the delicate mind—*Cowper.*

"I WILL! I will! *I will!* I'll have revenge, so help me God!"

Little Ralph's black eyes blazed with anger and animosity, as he uttered the soliloquy, and brought his small, doubled-up hand hard down upon his basket of chips, by way of emphasis.

He wiped the bitter tears from his long, jetty lashes, upon his old thread-bare jacket sleeve, and straining the big basket upon his little thin arm, lugged the heavy burden, with slow and tottering steps, towards his master's kitchen.

Little Ralph resigned his luggage to the old cook, receiving as a reward for his labor, the kind-hearted assurance: "dat's a good boy—so 'tis, boney;" and slipping through the back door, his tiny feet made tracks for the grape-arbor at the lower end of the large garden.

Arrived at his destination, Ralph threw his slender arms around a great post, and hugging it with his patched knees, soon landed among the thick green leaves of the luxurious vine.

Snugged down in his obscure vine-nest, Ralph pulled a greasey primer from his trowsers' pocket, and with one little pale, bony finger kept his place upon the soiled page, while he spelled out the hard words printed upon it.

"H-y-m-n, there, them's the letters, but I dunno what to call it! Now ef I was long with Nellie an' Bob. at school, the master would help me out'n this scrape! 'H-y-m-n'—dog on it!—you can't come that old feller! I'll hit 'im agin, blue jacket' an' leave that are twel Nellie comes home—she'll tell me."

"P-'u m'—*plum!*" Ralph's black eyes sparkled exultingly, as he came down upon the pronunciation, with a grand ring of his young voice.

"Ralph!" screamed a harsh tone from the kitchen back-door—"Ralph!" "Ma'am?" Ralph slid down the great post, carrying away a button from his dilapidated pants, in his hasty descent, and dashed for the culinary department.

"Ma'am?" the little fellow stood before his hard-hearted mistress, looking up, with his great, mournful black eyes, into her cold face, and holding up his torn trowsers with one little lean saffron-hued hand. "Here, boy, run down to the store and tell Mr. Fenton to send me that bundle—quick! mind you run every jump! I've another errand for —— lord! what ails your pants, boy?"

"Hain't got no button on 'em, ma'am."

"No button!" the shrill voice thundered through the kitchen and made Ralph's little legs quake with fright—"what's gone with it, sir?"

"Scrubbed it off, tryin' to git here quick, ma'am!"

"Where've you been, you lazy rascal?"

"Up in the grape-vine a little bit, ma'am."

"You tormenting wretch! you knew better than to crush my vines with your nasty, pauper feet! How *dared* you get up there, sir?"

"Nellie an' Bob. does, ma'am—it's such a nice place up there—didn't know 'twas any harm!"

"You 'd-i-d-n-'t k-n-o-w!' you everlasting liar! Nellie and Bob. are *my children*—you are a lazy, mean beggar-boy! I feed and clothe you to keep you from freezing and starving in a ditch!—understand, sir, you are not to take liberties with Nellie and Bob! I'll teach you how to crush my vines, you young vagabond! "slap!" and little Ralph reeled under the heavy blow from his wrathful mistress!

"Hit 'im agin'e's got no frens!" sneered the indignant cook, who found it impossible to suppress her feelings.

"Hold your tongue, you black wretch!" "whack!" and aunt Dinah caught it on her homespun cap!

"Never mine it honey"—snuffled the old cook to the snubbing boy, as Mrs. Fenton marched from the kitchen into her handsome sitting-room, in a towering passion—"de Lord'll pay 'er back, one uv dese days—'e ses so, chile. 'Tain't no use greven 'bout it, honey—de ole boy's jes' waitin' fur 'er ter lose 'er breth—dat's all! he'll brile 'er on 'is pitch-fork, an' den she'll see 'er sins; but 'twill be too late, den, chile; too late, den! dare ain't no cummin back frum de black pit to 'pent in dis worl'—she'll have ter pay fur it, one uv dese days, dat's what! Don' cry po thing! you'll be a man 'fore long, an' den ye kin go way frum 'er, she woo' beat ye; an' bang ye den, jes' kase you's poor an' hain' got no kin ter he'p ye. I'll sow on yer button, chile, an' den ye mus' make hase back, kase she'll beat de bref out'n ye, ef ye don'!"

"She beats me all day long!" sobbed the poor little fellow, as he tried hard to dry his wet eyes upon his old worn jacket sleeve—"I does try to be good an' smart, an' she beats me when I does my best! I won't stay here, when I gits big. I hates her—I does so! I'll shoot 'er, when I gits a little gun, like Bob's, *I will!*" the boy's black eyes blazed, again, as he clenched his small fist, tightly.

"Sho! don' talk so, chile—'tain't rite! Dat's a mity bad sin, honey. De good Lord'll make ye beap wuss off, ef ye goes fur ter killin' fokes—dat's what! Da sarved Him wusser dan you is, an' He tuck it all esy an' lam'-like. You mudder was a good christian 'oman, chile, an' she'll greve in heben, ef 'er little boy goes fer ter talkin' spiteful, like dat!"

"They didn't beat her when she done her best, er mama would ashot 'em, too! I wishes I was long with 'er, up in heaven, where nobody would scold me and beat me al! the time, 'cause I ain't got no money, and has to work hard all day long, to pay for my keepin', and has to sleep up in the garret, at that! I'm 'fraid to sleep up in that black hole, 'mong the sperits and mice! I hears ugly noises every night, behind the boards, and specs every minet when a white ghost will grab me, and I 'most smothers under the cover! If Mis Fenton would only let me sleep with Bob. in that nice, light room, where sperits can't get in, I'd be good as I can, and work mighty hard, and I don't reckon I'd be so poor, 'cause mama said skeer made little boys lean"—the friendless child pulled up his old jacket-sleeve, and showed his sallow, bony arm, to the old woman, who strove hard to keep back her tears, and encourage the poor boy to make the best of a bad matter.

"Sho! 'tain't nuthin' but de mice nibblin' in de haith, honey—da won' hurt ye, chile. Dare ain' no sperits in de world, honey. De angels in heben don' want ter cum back here ter skeer fokes, an' de ole boy's imps *can't* eome, dat's what! Menny a po sole in de worl' hain't got half as good place ter sleep in as you is, an' you mus' thank de good Lord dat you's better off dan da is. You mus try to be good an' do rite, an' by'n'by de Lord'll pay ye fur what ye has ter suffer now, honey."

"I'm feard it'll be so long 'fore then, aunty! I has to suffer a heap now, since God took my poor mama 'way from me! Nobody loves me now 'cept you an' I'll never forget you, aunty, long as I lives. *I won't!* If the Lord spares me to git big, I'm goin' to buy you with the first hundred dollars I makes. Wouldn't the Lord take me up in the sky with mama, if I killed myself, aunty, 'cause I'm little?"

"Sho! lord-a-massy, how you talks chile! 'Deed 'e wouldn't, honey!—He'd sen' ye down ter de ole boy quick'n lightnin, dat's what! sakes alive!"

"I wishes I was dead, aunty, but I'm 'fraid to kill myself, 'cause I wants to go to mama when I dies. I wouldn't be 'fraid to sleep up in the garret there, 'cause mama would put her little white arms around me and keep off the sperits, like she used to do. I wont 'fraid then, but I ain't got no mama now, and has to work *so* hard, all day long, and wear Bob's old clothes that's too little, and pinches me mighty bad, too; and I can't go to school, like Nellie and Bob. 'cause Mis Fenton says I ain't got no money to pay for it, and must work for my victuals. I wouldn't mind it so much if she wouldn't beat me for beiu' slow when I'm so tired I can't run fast. I wishes the Lord would kill me, and let me go to mama and git a little rest, like she used to rock me on 'er lap when I was tired."

The little fellow caught up his old tattered straw hat, and hurried off to do his mistress' bidding, with a quiver about his pale, sorrowful mouth, and two big tears oozing through his long, jetty lashes.

"Po thing! po thing!" groaned aunt Dinah as she looked after the little flying bare feet, and dashed off a few salt drops, with a sad shake of her sage head—"I dus what *I* kin fur ye chile, but dat ain' much. I wouldn' treat a enemy's dog like missus does you! po thing! Dare ain' no peace nur res' fur ye honey! it's trot! trot! beat! beat! an' jes kase you's poor an' wutherless! Rich fokes ain' got no hart, sum uv 'em—missus is one. Dare ain' no need workin' ye ter def, chile—plenty ter do it 'sides you, but you's poor an' dat's nuff. De Lord'll pay 'er fur it by'n'by dat's what!"

Aunt Dinah's great eyes emitted a fierce light, in spite of her christian spirit, as she stuck her short pipe in her wide mouth, and sent a tremendous whiff of tobacco-smoke whirling up the chimney-flue.

CHAPTER II.

Who stole the livery of the court of heaven,
To serve the devil in.—*Pollock.*

THE history of little Ralph Reginald's parents, was similar to that of thousands who had lived before them—filial disobedience, poverty and premature death. Strangers in a strange land, but little was known of their former circumstances and social position, tho' their refined manners and cultivated minds evidenced a brighter fortune and more elevated station in earlier years.

In his fifth year, little Ralph was left fatherless, and his delicate, consumptive mother bequeathed him to the cold charities of the world, ere ten summers had shed their sunshine and shade over his helpless head.

To maintain her reputation for benevolence, and exemplary christian character, how obtained, only the hypocritical pretender can elucidate! Mrs. Fenton received the friendless orphan under her roof, and thus added another laurel to her crown of conceded righteousness.

Mrs. Fenton was a prominent member of the Protestant Episcopal Church. She sighed devoutly over her elegant prayer-book, and received, at the holy altar, the broken body and shed blood of our Lord Jesus Christ, while her little pale protege was weeping tears of childish anguish, over the memory of his dead mother, in her dark and dingy garret, or spelling out the words in his little primer, off in some quiet nook of the old garden, wrapped in the cast-away garments of her elegantly attired son, who though one year the junior of little Ralph, sat demurely beside his dignified and pious (?) mother, in her richly cushioned and carpeted pew, only restrained from squirming and yawning with soul-weariness, by the reflection of "a certain something after that" when the hall door of his home had closed behind him. Master Bob knew from past experience, it was "better to brave the ills he had," than provoke an afterpiece.

The world commended her charity, and Mrs. Fenton smiled saint like, as she received its flattering expresssions of admiration and praise.

Little Ralph had never heard her soft, silvery voice, in the outer world, or he would not have recognized her, in the domestic circle, for Mrs. Fenton's religion, like the chameleon, changed with surrounding circumstances.

Mrs. Fenton was "monarch of all she surveyed," in her elegant home. Her liege lord, little meek-eyed Lawrence, had wedded her for convenience, and was constitutionally formed to be wholly content with a No. 2 position under his matrimonial roof. Physically, little Lawrence would have come out of a connubial contest, second best, as his physique grew "small by degrees and beautifully less" beside his magnificently constructed conjugal partner.

Mr. and Mrs. Fenton's wedded life was mild as a May morning, so far as they individually, were concerned, for little Lawrence invariably succumbed to his better-half's superior judgement, and beat a hasty retreat, before her two-edged sword of a tongue, whenever it betrayed symptoms of onslought among the children and servants, and all opposing forces.

Mr. Fenton verified to the letter, the old adage—"first at a feast and last at a fray," as his rotund little person and full moon of a face bore ample testimony. He would sit an hour at his sumptuous board, luxuriating in the delicacies before him, and run as fast as his well gorged corporation would admit, from the slightest premonition of a domestic squabble.

He was good natured, as all lazy imitations of manhood are, and though no church member, was less feared and better loved by his children and servants, than their sanctimonious mother and mistress. Little Ralph would have found a kind shelter under his protecting wing, but for his pusillanimous fear of incensing his domineering spouse. He sat silently, as she dealt blows upon the orphan's little weary head, and offered him a kind word in secret. He knew he was indebted to her for the wealth he enjoyed, and was too indolent and grateful to manifest disapprobation of her conduct. His only recommendation, previous to marriage, was his handsome face and yielding spirit; she could not have tolerated a self-reliant lover.

Venus never rocked Mrs. F's cradle, in infancy, nor Minerva school-mated with her in girlhood, and had she felt disposed to boast of precedency in birth, to her lord, she could have vanquished him with the weapon of six years seniority; but Mrs. Fenton was extremely sensitive, on that point, and never alluded to the period of her advent in this vale of tears.

Weak and ignoble as his spirit was, we will not slander human nature by asserting that Mr. Fenton *loved* his wife. He confessed secretly, that he had never harbored the tender passion; his mental mechanism was too frail to sustain the burden. In his youthful days, Cupid had come in contact with the immaterial, infinitessimal network that incloses every human heart, but the meshes expanded and let the blind god through the lymphatic contraption of his amorous organization!

Mr. Fenton smiled in his sleeve, at his wife's profession of religion, but wisely held his peace, and stubbornly refused to enter the church militant, notwithstanding he was constantly importuned by his long-robed Pastor to submit to confirmation. Mr. F. thought if Mrs. F. was a fair specimen of the church's piety, he could manage to get to heaven without it; and thus he traveled on down the winding-way of Time, stumbling at every step, over his wife's hypocrisy!

"Let me help you to some of the steak; my dear"—said Mr. Fenton one morning "No, thank you; it is fast day; you know I commune on Sunday." Mr. Fenton dropped the steak, like a red hot ball; cleared his throat lustily, and fell to despatching the solids before him like a famished wolf. He ate more than usual, even, that breakfast-time, as though to make up for his pious wife's sacrifice.

Little Ralph entered with a plate of hot muffins, soon after Mrs. F's declension of her lord's proffer on the score of fast-day, for the poor orphan was not permitted to sit at table with the rich family but took his meals in the kitchen, with the servants, and was subjected to any office that kept him in constant motion, in order to "pay for his keeping."

Mrs. F. eyed him sharply, and at length burst forth:

"You haven't combed your hair to-day, you lazy rascal!"

Little Ralph's poorly patched knees quivered, as he answered apologetically:

"I ain't got no comb, ma'am."

"You haven't!—what's gone with it, sir?"

"I dunno, ma'am—the mice carried it off, I spect, and 'fore I could find it, this mornin', you called me to go—"

"Shut your mouth, you impudent rascal!—"slap!" and little Ralph's black hair flew about, under the blow—"now take that, you saucy imp, and *dare* to speak to me in that brazen manner again you dependant puppy!"

Little Ralph went sobbing from the room, with one ragged jacket-sleeve wiping off his bitter orphan-tears, while Mrs Fenton lolled piously back at the head of her elegant board, and "abstained from meats," at the Lord's command!

Mr. Fenton gulped down his fourth cup of fragrant mocha, and hastily buttoning up his coat, without a word, but with a close compression of his handsome mouth, sallied off to the store, muttering, for he had read the Bible, in other years, when his sainted mother taught him to fold his plump baby-hands, at her knee, and lisp: "our Father"—"but the greatest of these is charity"—"sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal!"

"I have subscribed one hundred dollars to the —— Society, Mr. Fenton—you will call and pay it, as you return to the store to-morrow"—said Mrs. F. one eve.

"Ah? that is a large sum, my dear, to give in charity, for such a purpose."

"Yes, but Mrs. Farley contributed that amount, and I was unwilling to be less liberal than my neighbors; besides, it is for a worthy purpose, and I feel disposed to contribute largely for the amelioration of the condition of those miserable, ignorant, and naked islanders."

Mr. Fenton, just then, caught sight of little Ralph's pale, peaked face and ragged clothing, as his bony, hoseless feet sloshed along in a pair of his wife's old cast-off shoes, but he made no comments.

He handed over the hundred dollars, in obedience to Mrs. F's orders, and heard his wife's piety and benevolence eulogized by the Secretary of the Society, and other admiring ignoramuses, but he "was dumb with silence; he opened not his mouth."

Could they have looked down in his heart, then, they would have read: "there are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio, than are dreampt of in your philosophy!"

As Mr. Fenton entered his store, the thread of his thoughts was snapped in twain, the last end of which was; "that they may have praise of men!"

Mrs. Fenton's pious consideration for the poor islanders on far St. Helena, was deeply felt and deplored in her kitchen, and among the needy in her vicinity. She was "not at home" to mendicants at her door, and the fare sent to the culinary department, was scant and frugal enough, in all conscience, to satisfy the most rigid Grahamite! Aunt Dinah was reduced to the absolute necessity of filching from the cupboard and larder, to satisfy the demands of her own and little Ralph's alimentiveness, in spite of principle. She appeased her conscience by pleading the urgency of the case. A buttered biscuit was a luxury little Ralph never enjoyed, only through her ingenuity, or rather compulsory theft!

"I hates 'er—I dus so!" muttered little Ralph, as he dragged his tired feet along towards his master's store—"I'll kill her, when I gits big—*I will!* I'll shoot 'er! I'll choke 'er! I'll burn 'er to death—see if I don't!" he shook his little lean, begrimmed fist, fiercely, with childish rage, as he thought over his wrongs; his tiny, tender heart was turning to stone, beneath the heavy hand of injustice and cruelty! "She won't let me go to school, and I can't git no chance to learn at home—I'll git a big man by n'by, like Mr. Fenton, and won't know how to read!—I could learn myself, if I had time, I reckon—I dus learn Sundays, when she's gone to church—I wishes she'd stay to church foreverlastin'more—I dus! I don't want to go to church if there's no more goodness there then *she's* got! I shan't go to her church when I gits big—dog if I do! she ain't no christian—christian folks don't beat little poor boys like me, and make 'em work all day long, 'cause they's got no money nor mama. I'm tired now, I ain't set down to-day on'y at breakfast and up in the grape-vine, a minet. I'll be 'most dead 'fore night, I reckons, like I is every day. I wishes somethin' would kill me, 'fore I gits back. I would'nt git out o' the way if that big horse yonder was to run over me; 'twouldn't be killin' myself, and then the Lord would take me up to Heaven with mama. I don't want to live, but I can't die, seems like—I sees trouble enough to kill a poor little feller like me, long ago, if I warnt so tough! I dunno what the Lord lets we live for, to be beat and work so hard all day long, when I never done any harm, and says my prayers every night and mornin', like mama told me to, 'fore she died! Mama said the Lord would take keer of me, and not let me suffer, if I'd be a good boy, but He does! I wonders if there is any God?" Little Ralph lifted his large, tearful eyes to the blue heavens half-incredulously—scepticism was creeping into his young heart, and there was no intelligent mind to save him from the black gulf of unbelief! His hard fortune was leading him slowly but steadily onward, away from the precepts of his earlier youth, oppression was solidifying his soft and susceptible soul.

He lugged the heavy bundle to his austere mistress, as fast as his childish strength would permit, and got in return, a frown and a cuff for his tardiness! Waves of hate and vindictiveness surged over his young soul, and his black eyes blazed with passion, as he shook his little fist defiantly, in her astonished face, for human nature could endure no more, and excited Ralph crossed the Rubicon of open rebellion.

But Ralph dearly paid the penalty of this unpardonable sin against his furious mistress. He was bound and unmercifully beaten until his tender shoulders were lacerated and red with the blood that oozed from his orphan veins!

He crept up to his dark garret, that night, and lay down upon his hard pallet, prayerless—his heart was too hard to breathe a petition to his mother's God! He had now endured such tyranny one year. He was not yet eleven. He reflected upon the feasibility of absconding from his iron hearted tormentor, but his youthful soul shrank timidly from the suggestion. He had no friends—not in the wide world!—no boy-associates—he was always at work, and had no time to form friendships. If he ran away he would be sent back to suffer three-fold more! He feared to destroy himself, lest there *should* be a God, after all, who would send him to aunt Dinah's "old boy," away from his mama, forever.

Ralph's little heart softened, as he thought of his loved and lost mother, and her gentle instructions. Great tears welled up to his sorrowful eyes, and trickled over his pale, thin cheek, upon his coarse pallet, as he recalled other days that would never come again; and with the breaking up of the soul-fountain, he repeated his evening prayer, and sobbed himself to sleep, desolate and deserted by all but the kind Father of the fatherless!

TO BE CONTINUED.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

To the False-Hearted.

BY C. H. CRISWELL.

Though thou art false I am still true to thee—
Faithful my heart will remain;
Pining in secret though breaking it be,
Fear not that I will complain.
Never! in silence my vain hopes I'll weep,
Hiding my tears from all view;
Grief in concealment is ever most deep—
Though thou art false—I am true.

Cold is thy heart as the st. ! falling snow,
Beating 'gainst shutter and pain;
Lost now to me is thy dark eye's warm glow,
Love me thou ne'er wilt again.
What have I done, false one, what have I done?
Fickle and cold hearted too!
Still, in my heart thou art second to none—
Though thou art false,—I am true.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

To Murmurers.

BY H. A. DWIGHT.

Why of Earth camplain so
Yet to Earth adhere?
Why this life disdain so
Yet account it dear?

Why complain of sorrow
Of your trials why?
Since before to-morrow
You may from them fly?

Death has often called you
To his mansions drear;
Has his voice appalled you
That you linger here?

Suicide will aid you
If of life you tire;
What then has delay'd you
What do you require?

Cease then, hence, to murmur;
Own your life a b-on;
Or with spirit firmer
Terminate it soon!

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

The Joys of Faith.

BY M. D. WILLIAMS.

Sweet is the faith, which in affliction's hour,
Sustains the spirit, with its soothing power,
Assuring us, of never ceasing aid,
Whose hopes, are on the Rock of Ages, staid;
Imparting strength, the ills of life to bear,
To all, who trust in Heaven's paternal care.

O! sweet the faith, which to the stricken heart,
The balm of consolation doth impart;
Yielding a peace, earth cannot take away,
To smoothe our path, in sorrow's cheerless day,
An anchor to the soul, which doth abide,
Even, when called, to plunge death's flowing tide.

Be mine, this faith, while on the shores of time,
I journey onward, to a fairer clime,
Be mine the joy, to share this gift of God,
When I shall near the shore of death's dark flood,
Then fearless, I will meet the tyrant grim,
And turning to the giver trust in Him.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

THE SLEIGH-RIDE.

A Leaf from the Life of a Bachelor.

BY E. C. L.

I am an old bachelor. People pity me and say "Poor fellow! how very lonely he must be!" but I laugh secretly and rejoice in my freedom. Take my advice, young men, and never go a courting. I have been very near committing matrimony, several times, but escaped, thank fortune.

I remember once I was madly in love with one of the prettiest girls in town, and she, the jade *pretended* to like me. Silly fellow that I was, I spent all my money upon her—attended her to parties, excursions, suppers &c. One day there was to be a famous sleigh-ride, and she promised to accompany me; I hired the most expensive equipage in the place, completely emptying my pocket to do so. Feeling very grand I dashed up to her father's door; you may imagine my emotions when I learned that she had just gone, and with another beau! Crest-fallen and sad, I returned home, thinking the while how I could be revenged upon her.

When I next met Miss Julia she was all smiles and sweetness—apologizing for her conduct, and begging my pardon. She informed me that she was going to visit a young lady-friend some miles from home, and requested me to call upon her if I chanced to be in that neighborhood during her stay.

My plan was immediately formed. I determined to punish her well for her faithlessness.

One day I dressed myself in the most shabby manner, and went out to procure a horse and sleigh, I selected an old rack a-bones. He resembled a horse about as much as he did an alligator. I remember it was a creature with four legs, and any quantity of ribs, which could be counted as far as you could see him. My sleigh was made of rough boards nailed together in the most clumsy fashion.

I drove up to the door of the elegant mansion where Miss Julia was staying, determined to mortify her as much as possible, and rapped loudly with the handle of my whip.

"Is my gal here" says I, as clownishly as I could, "cause, I've come for her in the biggist hurry! Her folks is sick and she's wanted tu home terribly; it wont du tu wait a minit, for it's a case of life and death you see!

She was very much frightened thinking that some of her friends were at the point of death, and I had been sent to convey her home, so she threw on her bonnet and cloak, and we started. When we were at some distance from the village I told her I was only joking; there was no body sick, and I merely wanted her company in a sleigh-ride. O, how angry she was. The fire flew from her black eyes; I never saw a person in such a rage.

"A sleigh-ride indeed!" she screamid "and do you call that creature a *horse!*"

"Madam," I replied with all the dignity I could muster "it was once an animal of that species, I think; this, madam, is a venerable quadruped which sailed in the ark with good old Noah."

"Let me get out" she shrieked.

"O, yes," I replied calmly "with the greatest pleasure."

We had arrived at a nice soft drift and I managed to upset my vehicle, and landed my lady in three feet of snow. When she laid there long enough to get cool I put her into the sleigh again, but the next good opportunity I repeated the experiment. I think she will never forget that sleigh ride. She has not spoken to me since for which favor I am very thankful.

DR JOHNSON ON TEACHING.—The master was severe, and wrong headedly severe. He used to beat us unmercifully; and he did not distinguish between ignorance and negligence; for he would beat a boy equally for not knowing a thing as for neglecting to know it. For instance, he would call a boy up, and ask him Latin for candlestick, which the boy could not expect to be asked. Now, sir, if a boy could answer every question, there would be no need of a master to teach him.—*Dr. Johnson.*

Lazy folks take the most pains.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

Wonders of Science and Art.

BY ANNA M. BATES.

"For Wisdom is better than rubies; and all the things that may be desired are not to be compared to it."—*Proverbs.*

Science is but an interpretation of the characters God has written in the book of Nature; it is man's privilege to explain these by research and study. In the earlier periods of creation men were wandering nomads with their tents and flocks; but gradually the secrets of science and art were unfolded by progression and cultivation. Thus, we see the work of art and knowledge in the splendid remains of antiquity that abound in Egypt, Central America and Italy; all these monuments of fallen greatness tell us the arts were cultivated by the ancients and remain as imperishable trophies of their skill; tho' the hand that held the chisel in Egypt and painted the wonderful frescoes upon the walls of Pompeii and Herculaneum have long since crumbled to dust, their works have remained to elicit the admiration of successive generations. Yet the traveller braves danger and peril for a look at the mighty pyramids, a stroll amid the ruins of Palmyra, Persepolis and Thebes. It is true many arts possessed by the old nations are buried with them in their tombs, but perhaps few of real utility to man.

If we trace back the origin of great inventions we shall find nearly all sprang from trifles, perhaps a mere germ at first they required centuries ere they burst aloe like into bloom. For instance, the art of printing, although tablets of brass and lead and copper of great antiquity have been discovered, and inscriptions graven on the rock often are found by the Eastern traveller, the wonderful pleasing art to which we owe so much was utterly unknown to them and originated from "the experiment of an old man to amuse his grand-children." Now, when the length and breadth of our land is flooded with books and journals for the dissemination of general knowledge, it is difficult to imagine the semi-barbarous times when thought were only expressed by writing upon the skin of wild beasts, or the papyrus of the Egyptians, and when these books were only preserved in the libraries of the rich and great. The art of printing! It has revolutionized nations and flooded dark places with light.

To proceed. The motion of a lamp, the falling of an apple led Galileo and Sir Isaac Newton to investigate the laws of oscillation and gravitation. Chance led to the discovery of the microscope, to Arkwright's improvement in spinning machinery; trifles sufficed Ferguson to educe his theory of the situation of the stars in heaven. Accident disclosed the magnetic of Galvanism, and the skill of Daguerre, made the sun an artst, while from the steam of a tea kettle James Watt gained the idea of the steam engine.

And now we are living in an age of wonders. By the power of science and art man is borne over vast distance in an incredible short space, he ascends to heaven in an aerial car, chains the lightning to do his bidding, penetrates the strong holds of the sea, demonstrates the presence of silver in its waves, visits the dark wrecks of sunken ships to possess the gold that sank with them, he tunnels mountains and excavates under the bed of mighty rivers; he invents labor saving machines by thousands, the reaper and mower for the farmer, the sewing machine for the poor wearied seamstress, something adapted to the use and wants of every class amid the bands of toilers. In fact, so many inventions characterise our nineteenth century we lately heard an old gentleman express a fear the laboring classes would soon have no chance for employment; at present indeed the mill and the workshop are now overstocked but we look confidently for "a good time coming." It is not alone in the department of invention and discovery science is interesting. Through geology we are led back to the time which the earth "was void and darkness lay on the face of the deep," we learn the probable epochs of creation when each order of animated beings were called into existence while from various fossil remains we learn our earth was once occupied by races of huge animals and birds, of species now extinct.

By physiology and chemistry we are taught the formation of our own bodies that they are composed of chiefly the same elements as air, earth, and water, the atoms of which we are made are old as the world itself and when they have performed their functions to us and our frames are laid in the dust these atoms will reappear in other forms as nothing is lost in the grand Economy of Nature.

As economy instructs as to the situation of the planets, the cause of changing seasons, the mysteries of rain, and dew, and light, and the magical Aurora that paints the evening sky so brightly. Botany, as a science, enables us to select from the vegetable kingdom properties for the alleviation of all disease and the prolongation of life; while from zoology, ornithology, entomology, and ichthyology, we learn the history of beasts, birds, insects and reptiles.

Truly for the student-gleaner, there are stores of golden sheaves to be gleaned in the fields of Science!

THE TIMES.

GREENSBOROUGH, N. C.

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WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

Death of Mr. E. W. Ogburn,

Senior Partner of the "Greensboro Times."

BY L. H. SIGOURNEY.

Swift o'er the vernal morning,
The clouds portentous sweep,—
And manhood stricken in its power,
Slept the unwakening sleep.

Oh Joy,—that walks with Sorrow!
Oh Death, in league with Life!—
The tear-drop mars our music-strain,
Throughout this mortal strife.

Still, on some wrecking billow,
Our proudest bark is tost,—
And sternly o'er the garner'd flower,
Steals down the blighting frost.

Yet all those hallowed virtues
Which strove his friends to bless,
And make their earthly loss so great,
Should make its anguish less.

For of congenial regions
Which he hath found they tell,
And of that glorious clime above
Where ransom'd spirits dwell.

Waifs from Washington.

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE "TIMES."

WASHINGTON, March 30, 1858.

That Stray Waif—Lecompton Days—Senate Scenes—Mr. Douglas's Speech—Who heard it—Great Ball—Costumes—The Admiral—Religious Revival—News—Spring &c.

I regret that my last waif strayed and therefore became a "stray waif." It was wafted, doubtless, farther "down South," on the warm breezes of returning Spring; but Mr. Editor "please to do'nt" say that you have met with a loss, for if the waif has forgotten you, Angus has not. However, it will "turn up," as Micawber would say, probably in the Dead Letter Office, and is therefore at present a "dead letter." I opine that "stray waifs" are more acceptable, and your many readers will regret that they are waifed to a close. But this idle way will not do.

The past week as you are aware has been one of much excitement in this city. Monday and Tuesday were termed "Lecompton days." It had been heralded abroad that Senator Douglas—the "little Giant"—would deliver his promised speech on Kansas, and at an early hour on Monday morning, the galleries of the Senate were crowded to excess. The ladies came prepared for a siege—as they were well aware that crinoline stood no chance in getting out of such a crowd as thronged about the Capitol. They brought lunch, novels, newspapers &c.,—in fact all manner of amusements were employed consistent with the dignity of the place. At ten o'clock the regular speaking commenced and continued until five o'clock in the afternoon. No words of mine can convey any idea of the crowded state of the galleries during this time, and yet the object of all the attraction had not yet made his appearance. All who were so unfortunate as to get in the galleries had to remain there, without food or amusement; for the speeches were dull and prosy enough to put one to sleep if he had had room to close his eyes. At five o'clock the Senate took a recess but the galleries remained in the same crowded condition. Several ladies fainted and were carried out. At seven o'clock the Senate reassembled, and the same crowd still remained, with but little prospect of getting out before morning. This was quite consoling to the hungry Reporters hemmed in their editorial gallery. As night came on, the great Chandelier of the Senate was lighted and its thousand brilliant jets shone over "fair women and brave men." The ladies were admitted to the Senate floor, by a special order being made to that effect, and the Senate presented one of the most beautiful scenes your correspondent ever witnessed. Mrs. Douglas—"the observed of all observers"—was allowed a private seat in the Reporters gallery, where she could plainly see the effective scene (a proud one it must have been to her) that was transpiring. At a few moments past seven o'clock, Mr. Douglas arose amid much applause and commenced his speech. He is a very effective speaker, nevertheless practical in his remarks. His delivery is good, but he makes no oratorical display. During his speech many persons were nearly crushed in the galleries—causing much confusion. It reminded one of the days when Clay, Webster, and Calhoun made their great efforts. Mr. Douglas is not a Webster, Clay or Calhoun, but as he can "draw" a large audience he is ranked as a Statesman. An early political death is prophesied for him by some of his friends. *Sic transit gloria mundi.* The next day the Kansas Constitution passed the Senate. Lent close this week and a short season of gayety is about to commence. Mrs. Gwin, wife of the distinguished California Senator, intends giving a grand fancy-dress ball next week, in one of our public halls. This ball is strictly private, although given in a public room, and the *costumes* are obligatory. Over six hundred invitations have been issued, and it is intended to be *the* event of the season. Designs for the *costumes* have been imported from London and Paris. The eldest daughter of this popular lady will be the Queen of the occasion. This ball will probably close the gayest season ever known in the metropolis.

I spoke of the Turkish Admiral in my last. I have seen him, and am quite convinced that he is a very good looking man, but not so good looking as to have one hundred and fifty wives! It is said that he admires our American ladies, but the latter don't admire him. *Vive le contraire!* When he arrived here, he was set upon by a set of New York thieves and came very near being robbed. It is said (every thing you know is reported as being "said" in Washington) that his jewels are worth $500,000!

He is not treated here with so much humbuggery as he was in New York, but there is enough of it. One of our Hotels run up the Turkish flag in honor of his arrival, and under it the American colors were flying, *union* down! This was of course a mistake, but humbuggery and haste have a hand in it.

There is a great religious revival going on in this city. The churches are crowded daily, by thousands. There seems to be a general awakening throughout the country; and when this city joins in the good work, you may rely that there is hope for the most immoral on the face of the earth.

Politically speaking, it is determined to settle the Kansas question in the House this week. The Senate is engaged in discussing the bill admitting Minnesota in the Union. It will pass this week. I learn that Mr. B. G. Graham, of your place, was confirmed as Post Master, by the Senate in its last Secret session. The vote for confirmation was unanimous. Mr J. C. Stephenson was also confirmed as P. M. at Newberne.

Spring is with us, and "modest, tear-dropping April," is ushered in. The trees in the public grounds are budding out, the flowers are blooming, the grass is green, and if the political elements are divided and distracted against themselves, the natural elements are not. Trusting that both may be harmonized, I am, as usual, your idle ANGUS.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

Notes on Literature.

BY GEO. W. COTHRAN.

The British Poets.

AN acquaintance with the literature of Great Britain is very limited and incomplete, which does not include a familiarity with the writings of those mighty poets, whose marvelous and beautiful songs have been sung from one end of the world to the other, and have been the delight and admiration of all mankind since the time of their promulgation. The prose portion of that literature constitutes a most ample and luxuriant field for thought and investigation, and the greatest instructor in the world, in the path of knowledge. With all its wealth of brilliant and original thought, its illustrations of genius, and profound scientific investigations, it yet fails to satisfy the mind of the student of literature, in a very essential particular. There are chords in the soul of man which it cannot reach, and which perform their proper functions, and are caused to vibrate, with most wonderful effect, only by the skillful touch of the Poet's hand. As the poet's fingers glide over them, the whole man is instantly filled with music; and he experiences a more exquisite sensation of that divine love that dwells within him, than can be excited by the most beautiful, passionate, or vehement prose. The soul of man is tuned to music—the music which the poet sings in the "lone still hours of the night time" and devoid of which, it would be as cheerless and uninviting as a world without a sun.

The literature of Great Britain,—the richest and most ample of any country in the world,—would be as incomplete without its poetry as without its prose. There is poetry in every created thing, and the absence of which can not be supplied by ought else. And his is the most joyous and cheerful heart in the world, who sings the songs of his native poets. Take, for instance the Scotchman who sings the songs of ROBERT BURNS, and where can be found a face that evinces a heart more joyous and human than his. Ah! he will tell you, as he concludes that sweet little song of my "Highland Mary," that the world never produced another such a poet as BURNS; and his remark savors very strong of the truth. He will tell you that there is not a prose-writer in the world who can so readily touch the fountain head of pity, and cause the tears to flow so freely as BURNS; and does he not tell you truly? He will recite to you "An Epistle to a young Friend," and will ask you "did ever young friend receive the like before?" He will quote, with sparkling eye and glowing cheek, "Tam O'Shanter," and will vow that more faithful picture ne'er was drawn. He will ask you, with an arch-leer of the eye, "have you ever read 'The Twa Dogs'?" And this i not only the case with BURNS and his country-men, but it is equally true of other poets and other nations. We allude to this simply to show that poetry has its office and is as essential to the happiness of man as prose.

It is in the field of poetry where we find the most brilliant and enduring efforts of Genius, and the loftiest flights of Imagination. It is in the songs of the Poets that we find shadowed forth the most gorgeous images of beauty, and the most exquisite developements of love. Beauty, and Love, and Goodness, and Christian Charity are the themes of the Poets. They sing in strains of rythmical sweetness, of the thing "pure and undefiled," rather than of the thing as they find it in this world, so that their songs may have a tendency to elevate the reader's thoughts and cause him to select the purest and most worthy models after which to mould his own mind. They sing of a world of perfect bliss, to withdraw the mind from earth's dull cares and fill it with the essences of love and of beauty. High and mighty, indeed, is the lot of the great poet.

There is no kind of writing from which the reader's mind derives so much real pleasure, as Poetry. There is no kind of writing that fills the reader's mind with such exquisite conceptions of the beautiful, and the sublime, as Poetry. Neither is there any kind of writing that universally leaves the reader in such a pleasant state of mind, as Poetry. Poetry appeals to the mind, through the media of inspiration, and the heart never fails to respond. The time spent in reading the better order of poetry could scarcely be spent to a better purpose; for in cultivating a love of poetry you cultivate a love for Nature and in cultivating a love of Nature, you cultivate a love of Nature's God, man's first, highest, greatest, duty. The importance of an acquaintance with poetry is readily apparent to the person who possesses it, but not so apparent to those who do not possess it. And to show the importance of such acquaintance, is, in part, the motive which actuates the writer in writing the articles which are to follow.

Having concluded a brief series of "Notes" on some of the most eminent of the "British (Prose) Classics," I purpose to devote what few leisure moments I may have, to inditing a few remarks on some of England's greatest poets. And in writing them I shall neither strive to attain the highest point of wisdom nor originality, but shall confine myself to uttering such plain simple thoughts as I deem best calculated to advance the object partially stated above. It will be my endeavor to make them readable, if not interesting.

And I have thought it proper to state frankly to my readers, in advance of the publication of my contemplated series of articles, what edition of the Poets I intend to use, and refer to hereafter; and the edition, furthermore, which I wish to commend to my readers, as most worthy of their attention. And if, in referring to that edition, (in this article) my remarks assume the minuteness of detail characteristic of an advertisement, I feel assured, from the kind indulgeance hitherto granted me, that I shall be pardoned for so doing, when I declare my object to be, to inform my readers, all about the edition, its price, manner of procuring it &c., and which information they may not have at hand. I always esteem it a pleasure to impart to any one what information I may possess, relative to books and book publishers,—and this is a further reason for indulging in the following remarks.

The edition of the Poets that I shall use, and strongly urge upon the reader, is published by Messrs. PHILLIPS, SAMPSON & Co., of Boston, Massachusetts. Their beautiful editions of the standard British poets command the attention and respect of every lover of poetry, for various reasons. First, they contain the works of each poet *unabridged*, also, a judicious selection from the author's correspondence, accompanied with a well-written memoir, and critical dissertation upon the author's genius and works—no edition printed in this country is as complete as theirs. Secondly; they are printed in the smallest number of volumes of which the author's works will permit—generally in one volume—and which is so much more convenient than to have half a dozzen or even a dozzen volumes of one author. Their one volume, royal octavo edition, is the best, all things considered. Third; they are printed on firm white paper, in clear, distinct type, which gives a clear impression; and are bound "excellent well." The illustrations in them, of which there are many good ones, considerably enhance their value. Fourth; a fourth reason why this edition should be preferred and it is a reason that most purchasers will call to mind in replenishing their libraries, is, the remarkably low and reasonable prices at which they are afforded.

The authors whose Poetical works they have printed in this, one volume, octavo edition are, Shakespeare, Milton, Scott, Byron, Burns (complete works,) Hemans, Moore, Ben Jonson, Cowper, Montgomery, L. E. Landon (complete works,) Hood, Rogers and Campbell, and Beaumont and Fletcher (2 vols.) These are bound in various styles, and sold at retail, as follows:—in muslin $2.50; in library sheep $3; Muslin, gilt $4; Morocco, gilt $4,50. They are also printed on fine calendered paper, and bound in various elegant styles and ranging in price from $3, to $6. This style is unmatched in completeness, printing, binding, typography and mechanical execution, generally. Every thing that goes to make up a well published book is embodied in this edition. The publishers are able, and seem willing to spare no cost, pains, or expense, to render their publications worthy of the precious thoughts they contain, and worthy of the patronage of their fellow citizens; and, if the fact that they sell more than three times as many of their editions, as are sold of all the other editions of the poets printed in the country, put together, proves any thing, it proves, incontestably, that their publications are worthy of the attention of the reading public, and that the publishers' endeavors are fully appreciated. Go into any bookstore in the country and ask for a copy of one the standard British poets, and the bookseller will hand you one of Messrs. PHILLIPS, SAMPSON & Co's, publications. I recollect of going, one day, into near a dozzen bookstores for the purpose of examining different editions of the poets. In every case, not a poet did I find but what was published by Messrs PHILLPS, SAMPSON & Co., "Why," says I, "have you no other publishers' editions of the Poets?" "No, sir, there is no demand for any other. Our customers regard these as *the best and cheapest.*" And the bookseller looked at me astonished! And this was in the State of New York. I mention this to show how universal is the rule, that a good book well published, takes the lead of all others.

They also publish these same authors in one volume 12mo. and which is called "*the* popular edition of the Poets," of which thousands of copies are sold annually. In addition to those above named, they publish in this style, the works of Collins, Gray, Goldsmith, Shelley, Kirke White, Crabbe, Coleridge (in 2 vols;) Beattie, Mary Howitt, Cook, Pope, Ossian, Tupper and Wordsworth. The styles of binding and prices are as various as are those of the octavo edition, ranging from muslin to Morocco extra, and from $1 to $2, per copy. But it is unnecessary for me to add a single word in relation to this style as there is at least one copy of one of the above poets, in this style, in nearly every house in America. For persons of limited means this is decidedly the most appropriate edition. For a very small sum they can get the cream of the poets, and have a little library of their own, to which they can refer at any time, without being dependent upon a public library. And if every young man would expend one-half of the money, for such good books, that he annually expends for Liquors, cigars, gaming, and other kindred vices, which my pen blushes to mention, he would, in a very few years, find himself possessed of an excellent little library; and if he would only read them carefully, he would soon possess a degree of knowledge that he will never possess, unless he abandons his dissolute habits.

They also publish the works of the major part of the above mentioned authors in a great variety of other styles, ranging from 16 mo. up to the massive quarto, to suit the taste of every mind. But I forbear to particularize each separate style, lest I should become tedious. But I cannot forbear to refer more particularly to their various editions of the "Bard of Avon." Their edition in eight imperial octavo volumes, printed upon extra white calendered paper, embellished with *forty* steel engravings, is the most magnificent edition of Shakespeare ever printed in this country. The degree of excellence attained in the issue of this most splendid work, has not been rivalled by any kindred work, in this country. To speak in praise of this edition is to heap praise where it will do no good. Suffice it, that the mechanical and typographical execution is worthy of the immortal thoughts which they tend to perpetuate. The price ranges from $16, to $50. They publish the same edition, on not quite so superior a quality of paper, which ranges in price from $10 to $20, according to the style of binding. They also publish Shakespeare in eight volumes 12 mo, with 40 illustrations, price in sheep or muslin $8; in two volumes octavo from $2.75 to $6.50; in one volume octavo, from $2,50 to $6; in eight volumes 16 mo. from $5, to $20, and in one volume 12 mo. from $1, to $2. It matters not how fastidious a reader's taste is he can be suited here.

I would here remark, that for further information in relation to the poets or any other of Messrs. PHILLIPS, SAMPSON & Co's, publications, the reader will do well to apply to the publishers in person or by letter, and the necessary information will be cheerfully furnished. At all events, send and get their Catalogue, which will be furnished free to all who apply for it.

And now having said so much by way of preface, I shall close this article by saying, that I shall commence publishing my "Notes on the Poets" (which, of course, I don't ask them to endorse) in a week or two, and shall continue them from time to time as I find leisure, between the press of my professional duties, to write them.

THE BUSY WORLD.

Purchase of Cuba.

The Havana correspondent of the Charleston *Courier* is of opinion that the purchase of the Island of Cuba by our Government, at any price is utterly impracticable. —He assigns the following reasons for his belief:

"1st. Because of the monopoly afforded in Cuba to Santander for the sale of her flour, and to Catalonia of her wine, manufactures, &c.

"2d. Because of the opportunity afforded by the retention of Cuba by Spain, to reward the adherents of the Spanish Government, by giving them places of profit in Cuba, while at the same time the Island also serves as a place to which parties who are considered dangerous to the Spanish Government may be sent, and thus for the time got rid of, without giving just cause of offence.

"3d. All Spaniards, no matter what may be their condition in life, look upon Cuba (from the first hour of their manhood) 'as a bright polar star' which points to future greatness, or as a 'land of promise, flowing with milk and honey,' where fortunes are easily attained.

"5th. The *pride* which predominates in the Spanish breast, almost to the exclusion of every other passion, naturally desires the retention of this 'Queen of the Antilles' by Spain, it now being almost the sole remaining possession of the once splendid empire of which Spain was the mistress in this hemisphere.

"These reasons force me to arrive at the conclusion above stated, and I think they can but lead any unbiased mind that may peruse them to come to a similar conclusion."

Rev. E. H. Chapin on the Revivals

NEW YORK, March 14.—Rev. E. H. Chapin, in the course of his sermon this morning, took occasion to allude briefly to the religious excitement now prevailing so extensively in New York, Philadelphia and Boston. The speaker's opinion of the excitement was, on the whole, against any actual good resulting therefrom, imasmuch as conversions, under such influences were apt to be short lived. He did not believe it possible that a sinner could be changed to a saint by a sudden shock; religion was something to be acquired by daily prayer; by holding close communion with God; by acknowledgeing him in all the forms of nature; in the hours of sorrow as well as the hours of joy; by administering to the necessities of the poor; and so by letting our light shine before men that others seeing our good works might glorify our Father which is in Heaven. The truly religious man lived his religion—practised it in his daily walks—in the family circle —in the marts of business and wherever he might be placed. There was no excitement about such a man—his life flowed gently as a river—and his end was peace.

The eloquent speaker, however, would not be understood as ridiculing the present religious movement. It had his best wishes that good might result from it. It would, at any rate, he said, draw the attention of many to the subject, and to the great fact that they possessed an immortal soul. At the present day there were very few that ever thought anything about the deathless spirit within them. and if the movement now in progress was successful in nothing more than awakening those in the paths of sin to a sense of their condition, it would not have been in vain.

HUGH MILLER'S MUSEUM.—Since the death of Hugh Miller, the Edinburg Town Council have put themselves in communication with the Government, with a view of affecting a sale of his valuable museum to them. It appeared the Government offered a sum of £500 for it; but a nobleman having tendered £1,000, and an American a thousand guineas for it, the Government was pressed to offer a higher price. They refuse to give more than £500; and the Council in Edinburg have therefore inaugurated a public subscription to raise £600, which it is proposed to add to the Government offer.

TROOPS FOR UTAH.—The Leavenworth Times says that on the 18th two companies of infantry and two of cavalry left for Utah, numbering 355 men. A private letter from Gen. Johnston says he has received no communications from the government since October, and great complaints of the unreliability of the mails are expressed.

A POETICAL SOMNAMBULIST.—We find in a New York paper the following account of a singular phenomenon. A young lady named Susan K. Brown, a daughter of Philip C. Brown, Esq, a retired merchant of this city, residing on Fifth Avenue, near Twenty-eighth street, has of late been and is a most singular and extraordinary somnambulist. Almost every night after she has fallen asleep she gets up, lights the gas, and taking a paper and pencil, writes several stanzas of poetry. Mr. Brown, one night last week, fearing that some accident might occur from a sleeping person having a light, took the precaution to have the fixtures removed from her room, and placed beyond her reach. That night she arose in perfect darkness, wrote another piece of poetry, which upon examination by daylight, was found to be well written, correctly spelled and punctuated, and the ruled lines as accurately followed as they could have been by the best penman with a light, and this has been repeated almost every night, each time a new piece being produced. She has no knowledge of the matter herself, cannot repeat a word of the poetry she writes, and insists that she does not write it. Her friends watch her closely: Her health is not very good; since her somnambulic exercises, she seems to gradually fail. Physicians have attended her for some time, but as yet afford little relief.

DEATH OF L. B. HARDIN, ESQ.—A Washington City correspondent of the Baltimore *Sun*, under the date of 25th inst., says, "Lauriston B. Hardin, Esq., for the last 27 years one of the prominent and most efficient clerks of the Navy Department, expired quite suddenly last evening at his lodgings, on G street. This worthy gentleman was yesterday at his post, apparently in good health. During the last evening he visited some friends, returned home and was about retiring when he was attacked with, probably, disease of the heart, which proved fatal in a few minutes."

Mr. Hardin hailed from North Carolina, and although a resident of Washington City for so many years, always retained his North Carolina affinities.

Mr. Hardin, from his long connection with the Navy Department—the confidence reposed in his judgment and integrity by Secretary after Secretary, his intimate acquaintance with the *personnel* of the Navy, enjoyed an influence and position in that Department hardly second to that of the head, *pro tem.* It will be hard to supply his place—next to impossible to fill it. —*Wil. Journal.*

FATAL FIGHT AMONG MISSISSIPPI LAWYERS:—We learn from the Mississippi *Clarion* of the 20th., ult., that at a late term of the Probate Court of Choctaw county, Miss., a case was being argued before the Probate Judge, in which Wm. Brantley, Esq., represented one side, and Messrs. Nowland and T. W. Davis the other. In the course of his argument Brantley became very personal, and said that Nowland and Davis were both damn rascals, who would steal, &c. An angry altercation ensued, when Brantley drew a pistol and presented it at Nowland, who dared him to fire, saying at the time that he was not excited. Brantley told him to go and arm himself, upon which he started out of the room. As he turned to leave, Brantley kicked him, when Nowland stabbed him in the side. The wound was considered mortal, and Brantley was borne to his residence where he made his will. On recovering from his agitation however he was found to be less injured than was at first supposed. His recovery was nevertheless, considered very doubtful at last accounts. On the following morning as Nowland was going to his breakfast, he was waylaid and shot by Brantley's brother who immediately made his escape.

THE NEW FOUNDRY AT THE GOSPORT NAVY YARD.—The erection of a national foundry at this naval station is a circumstance worthy of special notice; and not having been present ourselves at the "inauguration experiments" of this immense work, we make our record of it from the interesting details of our neighbor of the *Transcript*, who impressed with "the importance which the operations and the products of such an establishment must occupy in the manufacture of guns, engins &c., for vessels of war, visited the Yard last Saturday to witness the casting of articles moulded since the completion and organization of this mammoth department:

"The inauguratory experiments were entirely successful, and the result must have been very gratifying to those who have labored so untiringly to secure the erection of a National Foundry at this point, in connection with other Government works.

"A number of spectators were present, and the completeness of the facilities provided to execute work of the most intricate design with accuracy and dispatch extorted universal approbation. Work from the smallest size up to ponderous masses weighing tens of thousands of pounds, may now be executed at will.

"The Foundry Building is a very substantial structure, reared expressly for the purpose to which it is appropriated. It is 200 feet in length, 104 feet in width, and 30 feet high.—The roof is of iron, covered with slate, as are also the doors and windows,—constituting the most substantial barriers against fire. The interor of the building is very heavily craned.—These cranes are worked by steam engines each one of them being capable of lifting 15 tons.—There are also two moulding Pits, one 40 by 70 feet, and 12 feet deep and the other a circular one, 16 feet diameter and 22 feet deep. Besides, there are two cupolas capable of casting from 12 to 15 tons of iron the blast. They are supplied by two of Mason's blowers, 32 inches in diameter, making 1800 turns per minute, and are driven by means of an underground shaft 149 feet long, from a 40 horse power engine, which gives motion also to the numerous tools, &c., in the machine and boiler shops. This engine is of the highest finish and provided with a very ingenious cut-off, by means of which a large saving of fuel is effected.

"Of course we have only time and space in which to refer to the main features of this establishment; but we may generalize and say it deserves to be at once supplied with work by the Navy Department.

"In every department of labor, the mechanics here are as skillful as can be found in any section of the Union, and in no branch is this more apparent than in machinery building. With the facilities now at hand, the Government at Washington can unmistakably calculate upon the expeditious completion of such work as it may order to be done here, and in a style which will compare favorably with any ever turned out elsewhere. We hope Secretary Toucey will at once direct such works for the new foundry as will afford a full opportunity for testing its advantages and usefulness.

"The Master Machinist, Mr. James Fleming, with whom this improvement originated, deserves great credit for its conception and completion, and we have no doubt he feels proud of his success in inducing the government to undertake the work. It is an enduring evidence of his capacity for the duties involved in his position."—*Norfolk & Portsmouth Herald.*

A SCHOOL TEACHER KILLED BY A PUPIL.—Mr Brawmor, a school teacher, was fatally stabbed near Berlin, Ala., on the 15th ult., It appears that Brawmor undertook to chastise one of his pupils, a lad named Collins, about 12 years old, when the latter drew a knife, and inflicted a wound upon Brawmor. After he was stabbed, he pursued the lad for a short distance, but his strength very soon gave out, and he fell dead. Collins made his escape

DIFFICULTY WITH NICARAGUA:—Mr. William Carey Jones, late special agent of the United States, took formal leave of the Government of Nicaragua on the 27th February. The Panama Star and Herald says: "It is understood that, during the latter months of Mr. Jone's residence in Nicaragua, he had occasion to make complaints of several acts of that Government in derogation, as he views them, of the rights of American citizens resident therein, and opposite not only to the friendly sentiment which he conveyed to that State from the Cabinet at Washington, but also to the spirit exhibited by the authorities of Nicaragua pending the question of the reception of their Minister (Yrizarri) by the United States. In his closing letter it is understood that Mr. Jones recapitulates and expresses the opinion that the acts and facts, which he sets forth as directly in his knowledge, are calculated justly to incense the American Government and people, and ought to induce severe retribution and preventive means."

ACCIDENT ON THE SEABOARD AND ROANOKE RAILROAD.—A serious accident on Wednesday 24th on the Seabord and Roanoke railroad, the following account of which is furnished by the Suffolk Sun: The regular freight train left Portsmouth at 10 o'clock, A. M., in charge of the regular engineer, Mr. Carr, and Conducter Lassiter. There were 24 cars besides the passenger car, 22 of which were filled with freight one empty and one flat car loaded with iron. The train left Suffolk about half past 12 o'clock, M., and when near Kilby & Riddick's brick-yard, near the bridge crossing Smith's creek, one of the cares ran off (as could be seen afterwards,) and ran 150 yards before striking the bridge; when it struck the bridge it broke in and precipitated 15 cares down into the creek, a distance of about 40 feet. The engine, tender and one freight car had reached the opposite embankment, and six cars, including the passenger car, were left in the rear. Fortunately, no lives were lost, nor was any person injured. The 15 cars smashed were all loaded with freight for Raleigh and Gaston road. The way freight was all saved and one car of through freight. About 100 feet of the bridge is broken down and the cars and contents are worse smashed up than we have ever seen. Whiskey, sugar, coffee, molasses, boots, shoes, ladies' dress goods, bonnets and ribbons, all smashed up together in one general medley.

We are glad to learn that the loss will not be as much as was at first supposed, probably no more than $10,000. The freight and travel over the road, it is said will suffer no intermission.

THE EFFECT OF THE AMERICAN PEACEFUL BOMBARDMENT OF JAPAN. While the effect of British and French cannon to open the empire of China to the world remains yet to be seen, it is quite certain that two or three little American weapons of peace, with which Commodore Perry quietly bombarded the empire of Japan, are effectually unclosing her hitherto sealed doors It is an old and wise saying that the pen is mightier than the sword. Commodore Perry has given us the data for a new and equally wise saying, that the railroad and the telegraph are mightier than the cannon. A model railroad, steam engine, and electric telegraph, were the weapons with which the Commodore bombarded Japan and if the news by the last arrival from Europe be true, and there is no reason to doubt it, Japan has been taken by steam and electricity, and that too with both on the smallest scale to which they could be reduced. The Japanese saw the little model locomotive whiz over its miniature railroad, saw the electric wire open its mouth, and heard it talk, and have, it appears, come to the conclusion that there is more "go ahead" in steam and electricity than in powder and ball, and have accordingly sent one of their Princes of the Blood, even Prince TziKusen, the nephew of the Emperor of Japan, to the land which steam and electricity drive ahead, and where Japan may learn to do likewise.—Prince TziKusen is now on his way here having according to reports embarked at Simoda in December last, and it behooves us to give him a fitting reception on his arrival. A Turkish admiral is good, but a prince of Japan is better, for Turkey has seen us on our soil as we are, but Japan has not, and commerce demands that we should give Japan the precedence of guests. It is no small glory for American enterprise that it has, through Commodore Perry, introduced Japan as the Guest of Europe and this country, and we hope that the effect of the Japanese visit will be to cover the land of Japan with the perfect works of those models of the weapons of peace, with which Commodore Perry first stormed her forts.

SUDDEN DEATHS.—Two very sudden deaths have occurred in this vicinity recently. Mr. A. J. Perrell, who had a store at High Rock, N. C., about eighteen miles above this town, left his home in full life and vigor on last Saturday, for the purpose of visiting Richmond and purchasing a stock of goods He stopped at Capt. Wm. Motley's of this vicinity on Saturday evening, where he was taken sick and died on Thursday. The hearse has just passed through our town, bearing the corpse back to its last resting place.

Mr. Christopher Ciles also died suddenly in the same neighborhood, very recently. He was a citizen of Danville up to a few months previous to his death, but at the time was living near Ringgold. While sitting up at night with a sick friend, he was frightened by some circumstance, which soon produced his death. These sad warnings teach us the frailty of man. Truly 'in the midst of life we are in death." *Danville News.*

ANOTHER DISTURBANCE IN THE SOUTH CAROLINA COLLEGE:—One hundred students at the South Carolina College have been suspended until October in consequence of insubordination. It appears that the faculty refused to suspend exercises on Thanksgiving day, and the students tarred the benches in the recitation room and perpetrated other exceptionable acts.

LEAD MINE IN VIRGINIA:—The Abingdon Democrat is informed by Col. A. F. Bradley, living some 12 miles west of that place, that he has discovered a valuable lead mine on his farm. A shaft has been sunk to the depth of 32 feet, and the ore extracted is of great richness—about equal to that of Galena. An experienced miner says that the deposite extends over three acres.

COMMERCIAL.



GREENSBORO MARKET April 2,

Reported expressly for the Times.

By Gilmer & Hendrix, Merchants, West Market.

Bacon 12½@13; Beef 4@5; Beeswax 20; Butter 16⅔@; Coffee 14a16, Candles, Tallow 22@25, Adamantine 37@40, Sperm 55@60; Corn 50@0.00 Meal 50@0.00; Chickens 10@15; Eggs 8; Feathers 40@45; Flour 4.00@4.50; Flaxseed 1.00; Hides, green 5, dried 10; Hay 50@60; Lard 15@16⅔; Molasses 40@50; Nails 6@7; Oats 40; Peas, yellow 75@00, white 75@1.00; Pork 8.00@8.50; Rags 2½@; Rice 8@.00; Salt 2.25@2.50; Sugar, Brown 10@12½, loaf 18¾, crushed 18½, clarified 16⅔; Tallow 12½@15; Wheat 80@1.00; Wool 25@30.

WILMINGTON MARKET, April 1.

Reported expressly for the Times.

By Geo. H. Kelley, Dealer in Provisions and Groceries.

Sugar, Crushed,	12½	Spirits,	45
Loaf,	17½	*Tar,*	1 60
C. Yellow,	9½ 10	*Candles,*	23 25
A Coffee,	11½ 12	Sperm,	50 60
Brown,	9½	Tallow,	16 18
Rio,	12½	*Cotton,*	11½ 11¾
Laguayra,	13 13½	*Salt,* Alum,	25
Java,	18 20	Sack,	75 1.00
St. Domingo,	12	*Bacon,*	13 14
Molasses, by hhd.,	27	*Oates,*	45
by bbl.,	20	*Corn,*	57
Cheese,..............	11½	*Pork,*	19 20
Lard,..............	12½	*Mullets,*	8.00
Flour, Family,	5.75	*Mackerel,*	9.50
Super.	5.50	*Rice,*	8.50
Spets. Terpentine,	2.70	*Meal,*	70
Hard,	1.80	*Peas,*	1.20

NORFOLK MARKET, March 29.

Reported expressly for the Times.

By Rowland & Bros., Commission Merchants.

Flour, Family, 6.25a	*Flaxseed,*......1.00 a
Extra........5.75a0.00	*Beeswax,*......... a25
Superfine...5.25a	*Dried Apples,* ℔ bu. of 28lbs...1.63a1.75
Corn, Mixed&W:61a62	" *Peaches,* 40lbs. ℔ bu......None.
Yellow.......a66	
Wheat, White No sale.	*Bacon,* W. sho'ld a 8½
Red......... do.	do. Sides...10½a
Cotton,.............. 10¾a11	N. C. & Va. Hog round, 11a12
Peas, Black Eye....1.35	
Red & Black......1.10	
Lard, N.C.&Va.no.1.12½	*Staves,* R.O. hhd 29.00
do do 2...11½	W.O. pipe. 33.00
Fish, Mackerel 1. 12.50	do hhd. 42.00
do No 2. 11.00	do bbl. 18a
do 3. 10.00	

REMARKS—Flour, with a good local demand, and small stock, the article sells more readily, since our last report, our receipts from N. Carolina, have been entirely suspended in consequence of an accident to one of the Bridges on S. & R. R. R., we are informed it will be so far finished as to pass the cars over on day after towmorrow the 31st.

Corn, receipts have been very large, the demand is active there arrived to day 26,000 bushels, this afternoon there is none left unsold, there being both foreign and coast wise demand.

Cotton fair supply and demand at quotations.

Flaxseed and Beeswax arrive sparingly.

Provisions, Bacon is in fair supply, Western sides and shoulders, Bacon, in fair demand, Lumber is neglected.

CHARLESTON, March 27.—Cotton.—There was some inquiry for this article to-day, but the concessions demanded did not suit the views of holders, and the market closed with sales of only 700 bales, at extremes ranging from 10½ to 12½ cent—some 250 bales having brought the latter price. We must wait further developments, before we undertake to report the effect of the steamer 'Niagara's' advices on our market.

AUGUSTA, March 27th.—There is a good demand in the Cotton market to-day, at prices which show a decline of ⅛ a ¼c. since the receipt of the 'Niagara's' news.

MOBILE, March 27.—The sales of Cotton to-day comprised 2,500 bales. Middling is firm, at 11c.

NEW ORLEANS, March 27.—The sales of Cotton to-day comprise 10,500 bales, at 11 a 11¼c. for Middling. White Corn is quoted at 54c. ℔ bushel and Yellow at 40c. Mess Pork is worth $17 ℔ bbl. Sterling Exchange is quoted at 4½ a 6.

Business Cards.

H. C. GORRELL,
PHOTOGRAPHER,
(SUCCESSOR TO A. STARRETT,)
CAN BE FOUND AT
Starrett's old stand, Garrett's building.
February, 1858.

GEO. W. COTHRAN,
Attorney & Counsellor, at Law,
(105:tf) LOCKPORT, NIAGARA COUNTY, N. Y.

J. WOODRUFF LEWIS,
BERLIN, Conn.,
☞ AGENT at the North for the Greensboro, N. C. "Times."

A. PERRY SPERRY,
(Formerly of Greensborough, N. C.)
WITH
BELL, BROOKS, PACE & CO.,
IMPORTERS & DEALERS IN
STAPLE AND FANCY
DRY GOODS,
No. 89 Chambers, and 71 Reade Street,
1856.] NEW YORK. [2-1y

JOHN W. PAYNE,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
HAVING permanently located in Greensboro, N.C., will attend the Courts of Randolph, Davidson, and Guilford, and promptly attend to the collection of all claims placed in his hands.
Jan. 8, 1857. 531y

N. C. FREEMAN,
WITH
ABBOTT, JOHNS & CO.,
IMPORTERS AND JOBBERS OF
STAPLE AND FANCY
SILK GOODS,
No. 153 Market Street, Philadelphia.
1856. 2-1y

K. M. MURCHISON,
Commission Merchant,
No. 104 WALL STREET,
NEW YORK.
USUAL ADVANCES ON CONSIGNMENTS.
(102::6m)

ROWLAND & BROTHERS,
COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
NORFOLK, VIRGINIA,
ARE prepared to receive and dispose of, advantageously, any quantity of flour from Orange, Alamance, Guilford and neighboring counties. Many years experience with every facility and ability enables us to guarantee satisfaction and promptness in all sales. We have sold for, and refer to among others:—P. C. Cameron, W. J. Bingham, Oranage; Hon. T. Ruffin, J. Newlin & Sons, Alamance; J. H. Haughton, Chatham; White & Cameron, C. Phifer & Co., Concord; C. F. Fisher, Salisbury; E. G. Reade, Person; W. J. Holmes, Rowan.
☞ Authorized agents for the *Times*, to receive subscriptions, etc. 6:1y

R. JUNIUS MENDENHALL,
Land Agent,
Will select and enter Government Lands with cash or warrants—make investments, loan money—and transact a general real estate Business throughout the North West.
Address, R. J. MENDENHALL,
(65::1y:) Minneapolis, Minnesota.

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By GEORGE HEINRICH,
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Tombs, Head-Stones, &c.,
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February, 1858. 110:1y

THE TIMES

A LITERARY AND FAMILY JOURNAL

GREENSBOROUGH, N. C.

SATURDAY, APRIL 3, 1858.

C. C. COLE, J. W. ALBRIGHT. } EDITORS.

Corresponding Editors.
ROB. G. STAPLES, Portsmouth, Va.
WILLIAM R. HUNTER, South Carolina,

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BRITISH POETS :—No doubt our readers, like ourselves, dismissed the last review by our friend G. W. COTHRON, with a feeling of regret, lest he should not in the future continue his pleasant visits so frequently. And all such will join us in our pleasure at the promise contained in his article on the second page. The British poets will furnish him another excellent field for his prolific and versatile pen. But we have received from him, for next week, an interesting review of Randall's life of Jefferson. This will come in appropriately before the series is commenced.

PRAYER-MEETINGS :—We notice that most of the towns in this State are participating in the revival spirit that is now observed in most all the States of the Union. Wilmington, Fayetteville, Raleigh, Newbern and Charlotte are each enjoying a special religious feeling. In Greensboro during the present week the Methodist and Presbyterian churches have held special prayermeetings, and the interest seems to be on the increase. The churches are much encouraged by the indications which seem to be the beginning of a general revival.

WILMINGTON JOURNAL:—Messrs Fulton and Price, of Wilmington, deserve the consideration of our readers, especially the business portion in North Carolina, for the manner in which they conduct the Daily Journal, with one exception, the only Daily paper in the State. We have long read the Journal daily, and beleive it a perfectly reliable business sheet; and in politics consestent with itself, though we pay but little attention to that department, and value it more for its late and general news. See their card in this paper.

INGENIUS PRINTING:—The most ingenius Specimen of printing we have seen in this State is by Mr. Spellman, foreman of the Standard office, Raleigh. It is a "Map of the Common School Districts of Union County," printed in colors, and evinces great ingenuity and taste in the printer.—The survey and plot, we understand, are by M. W. Cuthbertson, Chairman of the Board of Superintendents, for the county, and a zealous laborer in the cause of education.

GOOD NEWS.—We learn from a private source that orders have been issued to receive Carolina money in payment of fares and freights on Va. & Tenn. Railroad. This will be gratifying intelligence to our people, and may be taken as an evidence of a desire to improve on the part of the Directory. We begin to have some hopes of them now —*Abingdon Democrat.*

True ! It shows some slight evidence of returning conciousness. But we say, not only to the Va. & Tenn. Railroad, but to all other such guilty roads and those managing the same, we would cry *well done* were the whole of them suspended—the managers by ropes, and the roads in consequence. Sure, and may bad luck take them all, and leave not the N. C. bankers behind who are equally guilty.

BROKE JAIL :—Five prisoners escaped from the Jail in Raleigh on the night of the 22d, viz : Robt. Morris, confined for kidnapping ; John Stewart, mail robber ; Robt. Saddler, burglar ; Wesley Mills, stealing money ; Ransom A. Smith, peace braker.

THE WESTERN DEMOCRAT:—Mr. Yates of the Democrat Charlotte, N. C., has treated his readers with a paper in a fine new dress, decidedly becoming and in good taste. The Democrat is an excellent paper and we never fail to find something to clip. An appeal is made for some more subscribers. Give him a trial.

POINTED :—Miss Murray, in her book on America, presents to the abolitionists the following 'poser' :

"Is there any part of Africa, the West Indies, or South America where three millions of negroes are to be found as comfortable, intelligent and religious, or as happy, as in the Southern States ?"

NEW POST OFFICE: A new Post Office has been established in this county, on the old battle field, called "Battle Ground," and William Dinnis is Post Master.

Cadets of Temperance.

In the Spirit of the Age of last week is a call made to the boys of Raleigh to revive the order of Cadets of Temperance. We were surprised to see the call, knowing the circumstances of the death of the order, but are glad it was made, since it affords us an opportunity to give expression to our long pent up thoughts on the subject.

The first Section in North Carolina was organized in this place in 1848, and having been connected with the order from that time to the present, we feel a right to defend it. The Sons of Temperance had done much good, but it was observed with great concern, that many of the youth of the land were almost hopelessly, besotted before they reached the age of eighteen, no one then being permitted to join the Sons under that age. Hence there was a necessity for another organization, one to embrace the years of youth, that would imbibe right principles from childhood. To supply this demand the order of Cadets of Temperance was instituted, embracing the years from twelve to eighteen ; training up the youth with right principles and handing him into the Sons unpolluted with the raging habit of intemperance.

The order of Cadets spread rapidly and did much good, for we have evidence that many fathers were led by the pure example of their sons to break the spell of the cup and again to become loving heads of once more happy families. And who can tell the thousands that were saved the disgrace of forming habits of intemperance.

But instead of rendering that fostering care to their younger brethren which they had a right to expect, and which self interest aught to have dictated, the National Division, Sons of Temperance, reduced the age of admittance first to sixteen, and then in a few years to fourteen, at which age youths are now permitted to join that order. As a natural consequence, too much strength was withdrawn from the Cadets to sustain the order and now only one section exists in the State, the Mecklenburg Section at Charlotte.

This course of the Sons appears better, however, at first sight than it does after an internal investigation. A youth is admitted at fourteen professedly into full membership, yet he is not permitted to hold office or even vote in the Division until he is eighteen years old. Hence he pays a heavy tax for four years, finds no congeniality and is not allowed the rightful privilege of a member. The sequel is, they forsake the Sons, and now when it is too late they have no where else to go. So long, therefore, as the provisions of admission into the Sons of Temperance remain as they are, it becomes them to say nothing of a revival, unless they mean to give "insult to injury."

BLOODY AFFRAY IN NORTH CAROLINA.—On the 4th inst. a terrible affray occurred at Windham Settlement, eight miles from Timmondsville, N. C. It appears the place was a resort for all sorts of characters, who engaged in drinking, fighting, &c., and that the residents of the neighborhood appointed a "vigilance committee" to break it up. The Wilmington Herald says:

On the 4th inst., about 75 men, armed, went to this place of resort for drinking. The law breakers had been apprised that the vigilance committee, so called, would be there, and they immediately armed themselves for a defence, when one of the desperadoes fired, wounding one of the committee. The fire was returned, killing Caleb Freeman and Abraham Windham, and seriously wounding E. A. Windham and Thos. Windham, who were living twentyfour hours after the occurrence. Several others were wounded. Of the vigilance committee, one was badly cut, and is supposed to be mortally wounded. Two others are wounded. *Louisville Journal.*

The above is taken from the *Louisville Journal*. The statements are about correct as to the Vigilance Committee, but the scene of action is in South Carolina, not *North* Carolina.

As a sequel we find the following :

At Darlington, S. C., on Wednesday of last week, fifty four persons, members of the Darlington vigilant committee, were arraigned together on the charge of murder, and on Saturday evening the Jury returned a verdict of *not guilty.* The Jury was composed of the most intelligent and respectable citizens of the District.—Mr. Solicitor McIver and Mr. Richardson appeared for the State, and Messrs, Spain, Inglis, Dargan and Moses for the prisoners.

HON. DAVID S. REID.—The Richmond correspondent of the Petersburg *Express*, writing under date of the 26th says.

Hon. David S. Reid, Senator from North Carolina who has been detained here by sickness for two or three months left yesterday for home. His health is sufficiently restored to enable him to undertake the journey, but not to resume his duties in Congress at present. It is hoped, however, that his visit home will be attended with a favorable result.

BOYS AND GIRLS.—Speaking of the plan of separating the sexes in school, Mr. Stowe, the celebrated Glasgow teacher, says :—"The separation has been found injurious. It is impossible to raise the girls as high, intellectually, without the boys as with them—and it is impossible to raise the boys morally as high without girls. The girls morally elevate the boys, and the boys intellectually elevate the girls. But more than this—girls themselves are morally elevated by the presence of boys, and the boys are intellectually elevated by the presence of girls. Boys brought up with girls are made more positively intellectual by the softening influence of the female character.

TOWN ELECTION :—Different from some previous years, there seems to be no interest manifested in the municipal election for next Monday. There certainly is a choice in officers, even though their labors are mostly gratuitous.

Leisure Readings ;

OR

A few of the best things

WE FIND IN

Books, Reviews, Magazines, and Papers.

SIBERIA is a vast territory, occupying the most northern section of Asia, and contains nearly one third part of its surface. It is extremely thinly settled, being about one individual to the square mile, and consequently its vast marshy steppes are fit haunts for wild beasts. But little has heretofore been known of this country, and the narrative, by Mr. Atkinson, just published, of seven years, "Explorations and Adventures," is read with much interest. It is a field for adventure and excitement, and we make a specimen of

Anna, the Bear-Hunter.

I shall frequently have occasion to speak of Cossack and Kalmuck hunters, also of the daring of the Siberian peasant in his combats with the bear ; but shall now introduce to my readers one of my acquaintance of the softer sex, who was not surpassed in courage and daring by either Kalmuck or Cossack. In one of my rambles after leaving Pavdinska, which led me to the east of Verkoturia, and as far as the river Tavda, I came upon a party of peasants in the forest cutting wood, and among them were several women. It was here that I first made the acquaintance of Anna Petrovnaia, the bear-hunter. Her fame has spread far from the scenes of her conflicts with Bruin, who has not in the wide range of Siberia a more intrepid or dangerous enemy. At this time she was about thirty-two years of age, neither tall nor stout, but her step was firm, and she was strong and active. Her countenance was soft and pleasing ; indeed, there was nothing in her appearance that indicated her extraordinary intrepidity. It is true she came of a good stock, her father and brothers being famous hunters. I was informed that very early in life she had displayed a love for the chase, and having been taught how to use the rifle, many wolves and other animals had fallen by her hand. Each time that bear-skins were brought home by the different members of her family, her desire increased to add one to her other spoils. Without breathing a word to any one, and with this object in view, she set out on a sporting ramble, the conversations of her family having afforded sufficient intimation of the course she ought to take.

One day a lage black bear had been seen by one of her brothers, when ranging through the forest with his pea-rifle in quest of smaller game. This was spoken of in her presence, and the plan of a campaign arranged, to be carried into effect in a day or two. The next morning, long before any member of the household had left their beds, she had put on her hunting gear, saddled a horse, slung her rifle over her shoulder, and rode away. Anna was so erratic in her movements, that her absence caused no uneasiness, and before day-drawn she was many versts from the cottage. Early in the morning she reached the forest, and secured her horse, so that he might feed while she penetrated the thick and tangled wood before her.

There was a heavy dew on the grass in the open glades, and she observed that Bruin was taking his morning ramble, his track being quite fresh. Looking to the priming of her rifle, and adding powder from her flask, she went on with a firm step. The bear had made many turnings on his march, but she followed him with all the sagacity of a bloodhound, and never once lost his trail. Hour after hour passed, however, and she had not caught a glimpse of him. As it threatened to be a long chase, Anna had recourse to her little bag, sat down by a small stream, and made her breakfast on a piece of ryebread, washed down with a draught from the pure liquid flowing at her feet. Having ended her frugal meal, she shouldered her rifle, and again pushed on. She had another long and fruitless walk. Satisfied, however, that she was on his track, she pursued it till she arrived at a bed of high plants, that included the giant fennel, of the flowers of which the bears are very fond.—While proceeding along the edge of this bed, a fresh indication, well known to the hunters, assured her that the long sought-for game was at hand. As she was creeping cautiously forward, out rushed the bear, with a loud growl, about twenty yards in front. Quickly she thew forward the prongs of her rifle, dropped on one knee, and got a good sight—the animal staring at her, almost motionless. She now touched the trigger, there followed a flash, a savage growl succeeded, then a struggle for a minute or two, and her wish was accomplished—the bear lay dead !

After taking off his skin, she started in search of her horse, which she found at no great distance ; for she had been brought back nearly to the spot where she had commenced the chase. She was shortly on her way home, and astonished her family, on her entrance to the cottage, by throwing the skin on the floor. Since this time Anna Petrovnaia has engaged with, and killed, *sixteen bears.*

A Butiful Work of Art.

The following letter will explain itself, and be sufficient apology for the space it occupies. We hope the enterprise may be abundantly successful.

WASHINGTON, March 20th, 1858.

To the Bishops and Delegates of the General Conference of the Methodist E. Church, South.

I propose, if I can get your sanction and co-operation, to get executed a fine steel plate engraving of the Bishops and Delegates of the General Conference at their session at Nashville, Tennessee, in May next.

Such a work of art and usefulneess, as it seems to me, commends itself to the approval and support of every member of the great Methodist Fraternity.

It is designed that a truthful likeness shall be taken of the Bishops and Delegates in attendance at the Conference, together with the likenesses of John and Charles Wesley, Bishops Asbury, McKendree, George Roberts, Emory, Capers and Bascom, appropriately arranged and represented on the engraving.

It is also intended that the engraving shall be executed in the finest style of art. I promise that it shall be one of the finest specimens of engraving ever published.—In it we shall have the likenesses, the almost breathing presence, as it were, of a large number of our most worthy and distinguished ministers, together with those who were the founders of Methodism, and whose memory is very dear and sacred to every true member of the Methodist church.

The work will be a noble tribute to the Methodist E. Church, South, and I earnestly call upon every member of our church to give me his aid and co-operation in the success of the enterprise which I propose, and particularly do I appeal to the ministry to aid me in this matter.

But in order to ascertain whether this enterprise shall be successful or not, it becomes necessary for me to solicit subscriptions to the work, and to ask the ministers throughout the traveling connection to solicit subscribers for the work, and, as fast as obtained, to forward them to me at Washington City, D. C.

I propose to put the price of each copy of the engraving at $10, with the promise that if five thousand subscribers be obtained, the subscription shall be reduced to $5 per copy.

I feel satisfied in my own mind, as many as twenty thousand copies may be readily disposed of at five dollars per copy. I am assured that such an engraving in England would readily be sold at twenty dollars a copy.

I design the proceeds to arise from the sale of this work to be expended in the erection of an edifice in the city of Washington—of such a church as shall be worthy of the Southern organization of the Methodist Church at the metropolis of this great and growing nation.

Brethren, in the name of our Christian cause and good work, I beg of you to aid me generously.

I desire, and in this public way make the request, that Bishops and Delegates will send to me *at once* their daguerreotype or ambrotype likenesses. Let them be well and correctly taken, so that I may furnish truthful and life-like representations in the great picture.

Let the likenesses represent as much of the person as possible.

They may be sent to me by mail, if carefully wrapped, or by either of the express companies.

I propose to re-take them at Nashville in groupes, whilst sitting in the Conference room, so as to get a correct idea of arranging in the engraving.

A copy of the work will be given to every minister who will send me five good subscribers. Much can be done in the accomplishment of this noble work if our good friends will only resolve that it shall be done.

When that resolve has once been made, the work will be more than half executed. What say, brethren—do you make the resolve? Please respond.

WILLIAM T. SMITHSON.

The Western Rail Road.

We never could see the appropriateness of calling the road from Fayetteville to the coal fields in Chatham, the "Western Rail Road," but so it is. It is all in getting used to any thing, however, and when we became familiar with the operations of this road our minds will no longer run instinctively to the mountains on hearing the name called. In fact, if the road had heretofore received its just deserts from the Press, the People and the Legislature, the name might have become familiar even before this. But beginners, poor, young and deserving, must needs submit to the testing of their *metal*, for it is the course of nature ; ever has been, is and ever will be. But, as we believe will be the case with this road, indomitable perseverance and energy will ring respect from the most stubborn, and when once agoing there is no end of good luck.

The Stockholders held their annual meeting week before last in Fayetteville and from the report of the President we are glad to see that the enterprise is being pushed forward with right good spirit.—"A Locomotive and Iron for 12 miles of the Road have been purchased.

When we take into consideration the untold value of the inexhaustible mineral deposits of the Deep River country, it will be no hard matter to demonstrate that this Railroad will do more to develope the resources of North Carolina than all the roads that have ever been built in the State. It will be 43 miles long, 25 of which will pass through an untouched pine forest and the best timber region in the State."

A WESTERN WILLIAM TELL.—The *Louisville Journal* says : "It has been announced that Captain Travis has accepted a wager to shoot, at three shots, three oranges, placed upon the head and hands of a boy. It is certainly a most remarkable feat, only equaled by that of the great William Tell, with his cross-bow and arrow, shooting an apple off his son's head. It will require an extraordinary amount of coolness, nerve, judgment, and precision even to make the attempt ; and much more to accomplish it successfully, as we are certain the Captain will do. Great steadiness of nerve and acute sight are required to thus delicately play with hair triggers, while aiming at an orange on the head of a gentle and confiding youth, who trusts his life to your keeping for the time being. When we reflect that the least tremor or movement of a muscle may be sufficient to cause a premature discharge, and that the deviation of the fraction of an inch from the precise aim might terminate fatally to this trusting lad, the feat appears as fearfully wonderful as it is certainly novel.

"The oranges are each to be 2¼ inches in diameter ; one is placed on the top of his head, and one on the back of each hand, the arms being extended. In this position, at the disance of ten paces, or thirty feet, facing the shooter, and with no intervening object, Captain John Travis proposes to hit each orange, and has only three shots to hit the oranges. The feat is to be performed in this city in June next. The boy who is to support the oranges is ten years of age, and a bright and sprightly lad. He has every confidence in the ability of Captain Travis to hit each object and has equally as much in his own nerve, which can not be surpassed. He is now under daily training. The boy's feet are placed twelve inches apart and his hands upon his hips. The Captain shoots through the angle made by the bending of the arms and between the feet. This is done to accustom the boy to the firing, and, if possible, give him more confidence and make him feel at ease. From what we have seen, he possesses all the nerve requisite to the perfect accomplishment of this most extraordinary feat. The little fellow is a native of Louisville, and *his mother is always present during the practicing. She is entirely satisfied that it will result in safety to her son.*"

NEW YORK PRAYER MEETINGS.—The rule of New York is to allow clerks and others to have from 12 to 1 o'clock for refreshments, and this hour is allotted by these young men to daily prayer meetings. They come with bank books in their hands—pencils behind the ear—memorandum books just peeping out of their pockets, and other marks of trade about them, and join heartily in the service. Carmen and wagon men drive up their teams to the curbstone, in their frocks, with the marks of their employ on them ; come into the meeting—join heartily in the song of praise—kneel down and pray, and then pass out, jump on to their teams, and drive off to their work. All classes are here. Sometimes a clergyman leads the meeting, and sometimes a layman. Among the audience now about fifty ladies may be seen. The first month not one was in the house, and the singing was wholly by the men.

But one by one the ladies dropped in, and now a part of the house is set apart for them ; and their voices blend with and soften the harsher voices of their brethren. The merchant from his store, the mechanic from his shop, the carman from his cart, the clerk from his desk, the lad from the errand, the lawyer from his brief—all may be seen in this place of daily prayer. Several places have been opened for the same purpose—the Ninth street Reformed Dutch church, and some others.

TROOPS FOR UTAH :—The Washington *Globe* says the regular troops in Kansas and on the western frontier will start for Utah between the 20th of April and 10th of May, mustering in all about two thousand effective men. Five regiments of volunteers, proposed by the bill now before the Senate, will, it is stated, be accepted and organized whenever the bill is passed. No force less than a complete regiment will be received from any State ; but offers are already made, directly or contingently, which cover the whole force authorized. They will be taken according to the date of application. One regiment is specially appropriated for Texas.

SANTA ANNA :—A letter dated Aspinwall, March 18, says :

"Santa Anna, ex-President of Mexico, *left Carthagena on Friday, the 12th ultimo, on the British steamer, for Havana. It is understood that he is on his way to Mexico*, under the auspices and protection of Spain. Rumor says he can raise only $3,000 on his Turbaco property, which cost him over one million."

SUCCESS OF SOUTHERN FACTORIES.—The manufacturing establishments in operation at the South are almost without exceptian in a flourishing condition and paying handsome dividends. The Roswell Company, in Georgia, pays regularly from ten to fourteen per cent. A number of establishments in North Alabama and Western Tennessee have been paying large profits from the manufacture of plaids, checks, tickings, which sell in the markets at a higher price than the same species of manufactures from New England. All their operatives are negroes.

EAST TENN. & VA. RAIL ROAD.—We learn from the Knoxville Register that the cars on this road are now running to Greensville, leaving only a gap of seventeen miles to be completed, the most of which is graded and ready for the rails. The Register thinks that the whole road will be finished by the middle of May. This road finished, will give a direct communication by rail road from Memphis to Petersburg, and in a short time thereafter from Memphis to Norfolk.

THE LOUISIANA LEGISLATURE has passed a bill to prevent negroes from holding slaves ; also, a bill abolishing capital punishment, and substituting in lieu thereof hard labor for life.

DESTROYED BY FIRE. The Court house of Lee county, Ga., was burnt 20th ult., together with all the county records, processes, etc. It was the work of an incendiary.

FIRE IN ST LOUIS:—The Wagon Manufactory of John Cook was destroyed by fire on the night of the 27th. The loss is estimated at $25,000. Two hundred government wagons were burned.

HIGH PRICE FOR SERVANTS.—At a sale of negroes by Mr. Jno. G. Hrendon, of Green county, Va., acting as Commissioner, under a decree for the sale of the negroes belonging to the estate of Jas. Herndon, dec'd, on the 4th inst., a negro boy about 17 yrs, old, was cried off at $1,155; two negro men just grown up, one for $1,300,05, the other for $1,380; and a small girl for 585. Nine of the negroes from children to middle aged averaged 820 each. The sale was equivalent to a cash one, and the figures are certainly no indication of hard times.

THE UNITED PRESBYTERIAN SYNOD. This body will meet in Knoxville Tenn., on the first day of April. It will be remembered that at the meeting of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church (N. S.) in Cleveland, Ohio, last May, a majority of that body passed such stringent resolutions on the subject of slavery, involving indeed a condemnation of the principles and conduct of the Southern Presbyteries, that the latter, determining no longer to submit to such treatment, exercised the right of sucession, called a convention at Richmond, and finally resolved to adopt a complete organization of their own. To perfect this organization is the object of the meeting at Knoxville.

Mr. Everett left Richmond for Boston on Monday, being suddenly called home by serious illness in his family.

BOUNDARY LINE :—A bill has passed both branches of the Virginia Legislature to fix the boundary lines between that State and Maryland.

High Point.

PROF. STERLING, of Greensboro, will deliver an address on Temperance, in the Female Seminary, at High Point, on Saturday the 3rd instant, at 2 o'clock P. M. Public are invited to attend. CITIZEN.

COMPLETION OF THE RIP-RAPS.—The work for the completion of the 'Rip-Raps," or as less familiarly styled, "Castle Calhoun," opposite Old Point, will commence, we learn, about the first of next month.—The contract to furnish material has been taken by Mr. DAVID BISSETT, of Petersburg Va., and Col. HAWKINS, of Franklin county, N. C., in co-partnership. The granite will be taken from quarries on the Danville Railroad, which is said to be, with the exception of some that may be found on the South Side road, superior for the purpose to any other in the country.—Messrs. BISSETT & HAWKINS will furnish the entire quantity of granite required for immediate use, and will transport it from the quarries by way of the Danville railroad to Richmond, and thence by means of barges to the fields of operations. About five hundred thousand cubic feet of granite will be required. The present portion of the castle is only the foundation. When completed, it will have four tiers of guns, and on the whole will form the most stupendous work of the kind in the United States.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

MESSRS. EDITORS :—It may not be generally known to the voters of Greensboro, that I am not a candidate for the office of Mayor for the ensuing year. And although it is late, I feel it my duty to make the announcement that the matter may not be forgotten on Monday next. It is too much of a sacrifice of my own business to attend to the duties of the office as I would like to do ; besides there are a number of citizens better qualified to discharge its duties, and perhaps give more general satisfaction. Respectfully yours,

CHAS. G. YATES.

March 30, 1858.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

Dedication

The new M. E. Church in Salisbury will be dedicated on Sunday the 25th April next, by Rev. C. F. Deems D. D. of Wilmington. The public are respectfully invited to attend.

R. S. MORAN.

Salisbury, March 27th 1858.

MARRIED,

On the 10th of March, by E. P. Fearington. Esq., Mr. ELISHA COLE and Miss ANN M. HENLY, all of Chatham county, N. C.

In Fifth St. Church, on the 10th inst, by Rev. J. E. Mann, Mr. GEO. BRANTLEY and Miss ELLEN BEASLEY, all of Wilmington, N. C.

In Rockford, Surry county, on Friday morning the 12th inst, by Rev. N. F. Reid, Mr. William A. Joyce, of Yadkinville, to Miss Bettie York, of Rockford.

DIED,

WESLEY SHELTON, of Yadkin County, N. C, departed this life the 13th of March, in the sixty-sixth year of his age, leaving an affectionate wife and six children to lament his loss. But blessed be God they mourn not as those who have no hope. He professed the religion of Christ when in his 16th year, and lived a consistent member of the Methodist Episcopal Church till death. He was an affectionate husband, a kind father, and a good citizen, ready to assist in every good work. I talked with him about death, and his prospects for heaven. His mind was clear and his confidence in God was unshaken, and he was able to say "I am not at all afraid to die for I know that if my earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved I have a building of God, a house not made with hands eternal in the heavens."

He bore his affliction with christian resignation, and a few hours before he died he remarked that he was so thankful he was so near the good world. And thus in peaceful serenity he passed away, and has gone no doubt to reap his reward in heaven. May God help us to live so that when death comes we may all be able to say like he said, "when it is the Lord's will I am ready." W. L. VAN EATON.

Dyspepsia Cured.—From Joseph Hoxie, Esq., New York City.

New York, July 31. Gentlemen : Having suffered many years from repated attacks of Dyspepsia in its worst form, and almost exhausted my hopes of being able to obtain any permanent relief, I was induced to have recouse to the Oxygenated Bitters, prepared by Dr. George B. Green, for which you are agents. It gives me great pleasure to say, that its effect upon me has been highly beneficial, eradicating the disease, and restoring me to good health and I sincerely hope that all who may be suffering from that dreadful disease, will be induced to give the medicine a trial, fully believing they will not be disappointed in the result. Joseph Hoxie, No. 76 Wall Street.—Such testimony as the above, is entitled to the confidence of Dyspeptics, and proves the efficacy of the Oxygeneated Bitters. Mr. Hoxie is well known as a highly respectable citizen. Seth W. Fowle & Co., 138 Washington Street, Boston, Proprietors. Sold by their agents every where.

FULTON AND PRICE.

STEAM PRINTERS,
WILMINGTON, N. C.,

Issue the Daily Journal six times a week at $6, and Wilmington Journal every Friday morning, at $2 50 per year, invariably in advance, and papers discontinued when the time paid for expires.

The Daily Journal contains a daily report of the markets in Wilmington, together with the latest Commercial and other intelligence throughout the country, received up to the hour of going to press.

The Weekly Paper contains all the principal news of the week, and all the important editorial matter of the several daily issues together with a weekly report of the markets of this town, carefully collected and written out in full by our own reporter.

The circulation of the Weekly paper is now quite large, and is constantly on the increase. The Daily Journal has also a very respectable circulation especially among business men These papers afford facilities for advertising surpassed by no others in this section.

JUST AT HAND—A Superior article of Adamantine Candles at 25 cts. per lb., by the Box. COLE & AMIS.
March 31, 1858.

LAMPS.

A large lot of FLUID LAMPS just received at the Drug Store of W. C. PORTER.

JUST AT HAND A LOT OF Marshall's fine table Salt. for sale, By COLE & AMIS.
Feb. 1.

JUST ARRIVED JANUARY, 20th 1858.—Another lot of that beautiful Yellow C. Coffee Sugar, only 12½ cts. per lb. Also a fresh lot of Bunch Raisines, Figs, Candies &c. &c., and daily expected a supply of E. D Cheese, new crop of genuine Molasses &c. Use economy and buy where you can get the best goods for the least money.
COLE & AMIS.
West Market, St., Greensboro, N. C.

SUSPENDED NOTES ON NORTH CAROLINA Banks taken at par for goods at S. ARCHER'S.
Oct. 26.

JUST RECEIVED.
MOLASSES of the very best quality direct from New Orleans.
Feb. 23, '58 COLE & AMIS.

CATALOGUE OF
FRESH GARDEN SEEDS,
warranted the growth of 1857, [illegible] received and for sale at the [illegible] C. Porter.

Asparagus.
Giant,
Green Globe.
Beans
Early White Marrow,
" Valentine Speckl'd.
" Yellow Six Weeks,
" Large Wht. Kidney,
" White Cramberry.
Large Lima, or Butter.
Beets.
Beet early Blood turnip
Extra " "
Early Yellow "
Long smooth drk blood
White Sugar.
Brocoli.
Early White,
" Purple,
Cabbage.
Early York.
" Sugar Loaf
Whersfield flat Dutch
Large flat Dutch
Late Am. drum Head
Fine drum head Savoy
Red Dutch for pickling
Cauliflower.
Early London
Large late Asiatic
Carrott.
Long Orange
Large white field
Celery.
White Salid
New Silver Giant
Curled Pepper Grass
Cucumber.
Early Frame
" Russian
" Cluster
London long Green
Extra lg. green Turkey
Gherkin for pickling
Early Sugar Corn.
Egg Plant.
Early long purple
Large Purple
Lettuce.
Early cualed Silesia
Early white Cabbage
Ice Head
" Cos
[illegible]
[illegible]
Citron for [illegible]
Large Musk
Cantaloupe
Mustard.
White
Brown
Nastustiang
Onion.
Extra early Red
Withersfield, large Red
White Silver Skin
Red
Setts and Cloves
Okra.
Green and White
Parsley.
Plain or common
Curled or double
Wyatt's Garnishing
Long smooth Parsnip
Peas.
J R & Co's extra early
Extra early May
Radish.
Red Turnip Root
Long white Summer
Rhubarb.
Wyatt's Victoria
Squash.
White bush Scallop
Early bush Summer
Crock Neck
Lima Cocoanut
Sweet Potato
Tomato.
J R & Co's extra large Red
Large Red
" Yellow
Turnip.
Early flat Dutch
Long Eng Norfolk
" White flat
Sweet Herbs.
Sage
Sweet Majoram
Lavendar
Rosemary
Lemon Balm
Flower Seeds.

February, 1858. W. C. PORTER.

DRUGS! DRUGS!! DRUGS!!!

JUST to hand a large and well selected stock of Medicines, Oils, Paints, Dye Stuff, Brushes, Perfumery, Pomades, Extracts, Soaps, Cosmetics.

Also,

SEGARS of the choicest Brands; in fact, every article usually found in a Drug Store. Call on East Market. Orders promptly filled, Perscription carefully put up at all hours by
W. C. PORTER

Fire! Fire!! Fire!!!

IF YOU HAVE ANY TIN, CALL on the Subscriber and exchange a little of it for a good stove at 25 to 30 ₩ cent, above costs, and if you want good cooking, try one of the various kinds of *COOK STOVES* he has on hand, and you will save labor, patience and *Tin* ; and finally, if you want to keep me out of trouble, and keep out yourselves, come up and let us have a squaring up of accounts, once more, and trade faster and pay oftener hereafter. Respectfully, yours,
C. G. YATES.
Greensboro, Feb. 23, '58 111:3m

ADAMANTINE AND TALLOW Candles by the lb or Box for sale at the cash store of R. N. CALDWELL.

BOOKS! BOOKS!!
THE STOCK OF BOOKS, &c., belonging to the late firm of E. W. Ogburn & Co., are now offered **at Cost!** Merchants and others, engaged in the sale of BOOKS, will do well to call and examine for themselves, as the stock on hand must be sold for the purpose of **Closing up the Concern.**

☞ All persons indebted to the firm must call and settle. JAMES W. DOAK,
Surviving Partner.
March 22, 1858. (115-tf.

COMMON SCHOOLS.—THE BOARD OF SUPERINTENDENTS of Common Schools for Guilford County are hereby notified to meet, at the Clerk's office, in Greensborough, on Saturday, the 3d day of April, for the purpose of choosing a Chairman in place of E. W. Ogburn, deceased. It is important that this matter be promptly attended to.
LYNDON SWAIM, C.C.C.,
and Clerk of the Boad.
March 20, 1858. 115:2ws.

ADMINISTRATOR'S SALE.
On Tuesday the 13th day of April next, I shall proceed to sell, as Administrator, all the personal property belonging the estate of Edmund W. Ogburn, deceased, consisting of the following articles: *Household and Kitchen Furniture*, Parlor Furniture, Piano, Sofa, Centre-Table, Chairs, Mantle Ornaments, Carpetting, &c. : FARMING TOOLS, Family Carriage (new) and Harness, 2 Bay Horses, 2 two-horse Wagons and Gear, Cows, Hogs, Hay, Straw and other articles unnecessary to mention.

On the same day, I will hire for the balance of the year FOUR NEGROES, two men, a boy and a girl.

Terms of sale six months—bond and security.
JED. H. LINDSAY, Adm'r
of E. W. Ogburn, dec,
March 22, 1858. 115:3t

DAILY CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE.—The undersigned propose to issue, during the approaching General Conference at Nashville, Tenn , a Daily Journal, in which the proceedings of that body will be published.

Those who desire to subscribe will furnish their names immediately : or, they may give to the delegates their names and the cash.

Terms: $1. No paper will be forwarded without the cash in advance.

The first number will be issued on Monday, the 3d of May. STEVENSON & OWEN.
116:3w

JACOB T. BROWN
Attorney at Law,
HIGH POINT, N. C.,
☞ Will attend to any business entrusted to his care. 111:1y

MANTUA-MAKING.
MRS. CRITTENDEN & SISTER are now prepared to do all kinds of work, connected with the Mantua-making business, in the latest and best style. They are also prepared to make, trim; and bleach Bonnets. A trial is all that is asked to warrant entire satisfaction. Residence on Greene street, opposite the Old Factory.
Jan. 15, 1858. (105.1y)

HOLTON'S OINTMENT,
An Infallible Remedy,
for Bone Fellons,
and
For the cure of burns, biles, sprains and bruises and for old and running sores of all sorts, either on man or beast. For sale at the Drug Store of
W. C. PORTER.

FRESH ARRIVALS.—PER Schr A J DeRosset, from New York :
25 Bags Rio Coffee, 25 do Laguyra do.
20 bbls C Yellow Sugar,
50 Boxes fine Adamantine Candles,
50 Half Boxes Colgates, No 1 Soap. Low for cash. GEO. H. KELLEY.
Wilmington, Feb. 11

A SUPERIOR ARTICLE OF Pure white Lead, Dry and in oil, together with Putty in cans and Glass assorted sizes for sale by R. N. CALDWELL.

G. H. KELLEY & BROTHER, Dealers in Family Groceries and provisions, No. 11 North Water St., Wilmington, N. C. Will keep constantly on hand, Sugars, Coffee, Molasses, Chees, Flour, Butter, Lard, Soaps, Crackers, Starch, Oils, Snuffs, &c., &c.
Reference.—O. G. Parsley, President of Commercial Bank, John McRae, President of Bank of Wilmington, of Wilmington; A. M. Gorman, Rev. R. T. Heflin, of Raleigh; J. & F. Garrett, David McKnight, of Greensborough. 8-ly.

THE TIMES



GREENSBOROUGH, N. C.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

ELEGY

On the Death of young Town, drowned December, 3rd, 1857.

BY MRS. C. HUTCHINS.

'Tis not the feeble invalid that's nearest to his home,
"For in the midst of life" we read—that death will surely come.
While those that linger on life's verge are shelter'd from all harm,
The Buoyant youth in health and hope goes forth to brave the storm.
The accidents of life ne'er come to chambers of the sick,
But in the midst of life and bloom man's highest hopes are wreck'd.
The loved (and now lamented) youth, with spirit blithe and gay,
Went forth in confidence and strength, that promised length of days.
But O! how weak is human strength—his bark by tempest toss'd;
The cold December blast swept by—all earthly hope is lost!
We've look'd upon his lifeless form, in bitterness of woe,
While friend's with speechless agony, bent o'er his pallid brow—
But bitter tear's and speechless grief is unavailing now.
For O! those lip's are mute, that once could smile—the heart to bless,
Those love inspiring brilliant orb's forever closed in death.
But wherefore murmur and complain—'tis God ordains our lot;
He knows before the wish is breathed if best bestow'd or not.
* * * *
His last sad sufferings none can ever know,
And yet we feel 'midst all our grief and woe,
That when alone and far from human aid,
He turned to God in confidence and pray'd.
"Save or I perish! Save me Lord," he cries;
God sees his tears and answers e'er he dies.
Lo! Jesus on the water comes the tempest to control,
And to the sinking helpless one call'd out as once of old;
"'Be of good cheer' thy toil is o'er, the promised land is nigh,
Believe on God and doubt no more 'fear not for it is I.'"
Behold the radiant smile of hope—his heart has found relief:
Thy dying love "Lord, I believe—help Thou my unbelief."
Then Jesus straitway answer'd—"by faith the soul is saved
Come to me on the water—'tis I be not afraid.'"
Then mourn not sad bereaved ones, mourn not as without hope,
Since Christ, upon the water, such glorious words has spoke.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

The Daughter's Sacrifice.

BY FINLEY JOHNSON.

Poverty with all its attendant evils, followed the unhappy family of John McKean. The father had laid down the burden of life, and his grief stricken widow, and two helpless girls were alone in the world—alone in their misery and despair. The odds were against the widow, and though she struggled bravely, yet she sunk daily in health and circumstances, and now after five years of toil and sorrow, we find her the tenant of an humble hut, and depending on the industry of her eldest daughter for support. Still, from her lips were never heard the accents of repining—she was thankful for what she had, and in her heart was an abiding trustfulness in the goodness and justice of her God.

Alfred Rowe was a daily visitor at the humble cottage, and as he beheld the exertions of Mary in behalf of her aged mother, he felt that she was worthy to be the wife of an Emperor. He was rich in the goods of this world; farms, cattle, and gold, all were his, and he offered them for the love of Mary. That he would be rejected, never entered his mind, for he was fully aware of the want and destitution of the family, and it was with surprise mingled with sorrow that he heard her refusal.

But how was it in the cottage of the unfortunate when the determination of Mary was made known? There was weeping beneath that humble roof, and the slender fingers of the young girl, trembled 'till they scarce could hold the needle by which she supported her mother. Her heart was full, and memory awoke painful recollections of the past, yet strong in her integrity she wavered not in what she considered the right course, and she listened patiently to her mother's expressed opinions, that the offer should not have been rejected. At times, however, doubts would crowd upon her mind, whether she was not forsaking the substance for the shadow, and that he, for whom she had rejected wealth, might not prove false to his vows. The hope of his return, had almost died out in her heart, and like a flower reared in darkness, it had waxed paler and more fragile with every passing day, until it appeared as if one chilling breath would blast it forever. And that breath had come—for the widowed mother by her words had extinguished the last spark which still glimmered upon the alter of her heart, yet she gave not way to her feelings, but calmly said;

"Mother, it may be so. Charles West may have forgotten me—one so exalted as he could not be expected to think of one so lowly as I. Yet, dear mother, talk not of marriage, for so long as I can earn a pittance, it is out of the question."

From that day the name of Charles West was never heard in the humble cottage, though his image was still enshrined in Mary's bosom. Her affections outlived even hope itself. Years ago, he had pledged his vows to the confiding girl, but the poverty of the family was an impassable barrier to their union, in the eyes of her lover's father, and with promises of unchanging love, he left her, to travel abroad. Years flew by, and the old man died, but though the obstacle was removed, yet no word reached her from the absent, and a sickness of the heart crept over her, with the conviction that she was indeed forgotten. Yet, Mary bore the trial nobly, and with woman's uncomplaining spirit, every duty was fulfilled, and not an hour was misspent because her heart was sorrowful.

Months passed on; once more had the glories of the summer given place to the dreariness of the winter, the winds were ruffling the darkened waters, and moaning over the desolate fields, yet no tidings were received of the absent, and still the steps of Alfred Rowe were often turned towards the cottage. The smiles of welcome were ever on the lips of the widow, and a friendly greeting always received him from the daughter, and he resolved not to relinquish hopes of gaining her hand.

Darker, still darker, grew the days of winter, and broader and darker grew the clouds of misfortune, which hovered over the family. The hand of disease was laid unsparingly upon the widow, and as before, Mary could barely earn a subsistence, now when all her time was directed to the attention of the invalid, it was impossible. Want, with all its motley train began to gather around, and that too, at a season of the year when the feeble frame of the widow was unable to bear it. Heart rending indeed was the grief of Mary, and she wept bitter tears, over her inability to support the invalid.

"Never would I suffer a mother of mine to want, when by merely marrying a man who loves me, I could confer luxuries and comforts," said a neighbor.

"Talk not so, Mrs. White," answered the widow, "Mary has been a good daughter, and already has made more sacrifices than she should—this last one shall not be required."

"Well, you know best"—here the conversation was broken off by the entrance of Alfred Rowe. That night he again spoke of his love, and urged her, for her mother's sake to become his—she accepted—the sacrifice was made, and angels alternately wept and rejoiced—wept that her heart was sorrowful—rejoiced that she gave up the love of another, for the love of her mother.

It was over, and she became the wife of one she loved not, but a noble motive sustained her through the trial—for her mother was to become to her husband as his own, and she resolved to show by her acts that she was capable of gratitude, if not love. Weeks rolled on, and as she contrasted the actions of Alfred with those of the object of her young affections, she began to behold things in their right light, and imperceptibly to herself, the plant of love began to blossom in her heart. The good angel who sat upon the throne of her reason, whispered sweet council, and she soon found that the generous soul who is faithful in afflictions, is far more worthy of love, than the fickle heart which, like the flowers, shine best in prosperity.

Years came and went, and from the wings of time were scattered joys and cares upon the world, but naught of regret ever mingled with the happiness of Mary. She heard of the marriage of her former lover without one pang, or one single emotion, for in her own home she was contented and happy, and as she gazed in the smiling, happy faces of her beloved children, and witnessed the increasing health of her widowed mother she was fully recompensed for what at first appeared to be—*her sacrifice.*

A ROMANCE IN REAL LIFE.—The Boston *Ledger* says: "On the 23d ultimo a passenger came to Portland by the steamer *Anglo-Saxon*, and took lodgings at one of the city hotels. Next morning he took cars for this city in company with a gentleman who had remained at the same house with him the over night with whose countenance he, somehow or other, imagined himself familiar. They got into conversation in coming down the Eastern Railroad, but nothing transpired to elicit the fact whether or not they had been old acquaintances. when they arrived at the depot, and had attended to thir luggage, one of the gentlemen inquired in the hearing of the other for a cab to take him to a certain street in Charlestown. The other said he purposed going to the same street, and the two engaged the same conveyance. On arriving at the street in question it appeared that they both designed to call on the same individual. This strange series of coincidences greatly puzzled both; but their mutual surprise and delight can be imagined but in a degree, when they found that they were brothers, and that they had thus singularly met at the house of a third brother. One of them has been in the service of the Pacha of Egypt for twent-two years; the other has spent sixteen years in the East Indies, while the third has been in this country during nineteen years past. The brothers are natives of Scotland, and have not seen each other for twenty-four years.

THE GREAT MUSICIAN.—The wind is a musician at birth. We extend a silken thread in the crevice of a window, and the wind finds it and sings over it, and goes up and down the scale upon it, and poor Paganini must go somewhere else for his honor, for lo! the wind is performing with a single string!

It tries almost everything upon earth to see if there is music in it, it persuades a tone out of the great bell in the tower, when the sexton is at home and asleep; it makes a mournful harp of the giant pines, and it does not disdain to try what sort of a whistle can be made of the humblest chimney in the world. How it will play upon a great tree, till evey leaf thrills with the note in it, and wind up the river that runs at its base, for sort of murmuring accompaniament. And what a melody it sings when it gives a concert with full choir of the waves of the sea, and performs an anthem between the two worlds, that goes up, perhaps, to the stars that love music most and sang it at the first.—Then how fondly it haunts old houses; moaning under the eaves, sighing in the halls, opening old doors without fingers and singing a measure of some sad old song around the fireless and deserted hearth.

OLD AND POOR.—A writer in the Boston *Courier* (Geo. S. Hilliard,) thus expresses a great truth:

"It was formerly our fortune, not an enviable one, to administer the insolvent law. An old man who came under our jurisdiction once said to us, 'It is hard to be old and poor.' It was a simple remark; but the look and tone gave it pathos and significance, and how sadly, painfully true it is! The young man can confront fortune; the stone which she flings at him he can pick up and set as a jewel in his crest, but the old man falls under the blow. Rejoice, then man of genius, in thy genius! O, pure in heart, in thy purity! And O, young man, rejoice in thy youth, for Time and thou art good against any two."

Vivacity in youth is often mistaken for genius, and solidity for dullness.

USEFUL INFORMATION.

CULLED AND ARRANGED FOR THE "TIMES."

An immense store of rich knowledge is afloat in the world, scattered in paragraphs and odd corners of nearly every monthly, weekly and daily periodical; and which, if collected together, culled and properly arranged, would form a column of useful information, invaluable to the man of science, the professional artist, the mechanic, the farmer, and the house keeper.

TO CURE HICCOUGH.—It is not generally known that a piece of loaf sugar will instantly stop the most troublesome hiccough.

A DELICATE SURGICAL OPERATION.—The delicate and interesting operation of transferring blood from one patient to another has again been successfully performed by Dr. Wheatcroft, an English surgeon, in the case of a female patient.—When apparently expiring from loss of blood, about two pounds of blood was transferred from the veins of her husband into her veins, with the most favorable result. In a few minutes after, the current of blood began to flow, and the ebbing of life was checked, the circulation re-established and deliverance from apparently certain and approaching dissolution secured.—Dr. Wheatcroft suggests the trial of this operation in the last of low typhus and the collapse of Asiatic cholera, when all other means have failed.

North Carolina Mechanics.

It gives us especial pleasure to notice the enterprise, skill and ingenuity of any of our North Carolina Mechanics; and will take great pride in laying such matters before our readers, whenever put in possession of the facts.

And in this connection we would inform our readers that Messrs. Williams & Harp, of Raleigh, have erected an extensive Spoke, Rim and Hub Manufactory—run by steam—at which they are making these articles out of the best wood, in superior style, and on as good terms as they can be purchased north. We hope the Carriage and wagon manufacturers of the State will patronize this establishment, and thus furnish an exemplification of thier own motto—"encourage home manufactures."

We learn from the Wilson Ledger, that Mr. Henry Barnes, of that place (Wilson, N. C.) has received letters patent awarding to him the right to an invention of a single trigger to the double barrel gun, by which both barrels can be fired together or separately.

Also that Mr. C. P. Kenyon, of the same place, has invented a self-coupler to the Railroad car, which is intended to supercede the labor and great danger attending the coupling by hand. Mr. Kenyon, we learn, has also placed a model of his improvement in the patent office with the view of securing a patent.

Also, Mr. T. F. Christman, also of Wilson, a worthy citizen and intelligent machinist, has on exhibition on the court-house square in that Town a model of a marl and water Elevator, invented by himself. The Elevator works admirably and is adapted to taking the marl and water from the surface or pit at any resonable depth. With two hands to propel it, thirty half bushels of marl, forty-five of water can be elevated in a minute. Six hands may be profitably employed, and the more hands the more profitable.

The Elevator will load three carts a minute, and by attaching the perpetual apron, the marl may be taken toany point and deposited in any quantity desired.

We bespeak for Mr. Christman's improvement a wide and extensive patronage among the Eastern planters of North Carolina where marl abounds plentifully. With the perpetual apron, mud, muck, peat, &c., we doubt not, may be taken to any reasonable distance and deposited as desired. The attention of planters is particularly invited to this important and labor-saving improvement.—*Planter.*

WEEDING HOES.—Mr Wesley A. Coe, an ingenious and worthy mechanic of this county, is manufacturing an excellent hoe for gardening and farming purposes, and we would advise all who have use for such an article, to give his work a trial. We learn that Mr. C. will keep on deposit in some of the stores of this place a supply of his work, and that his prices are very low, considering the superior quality of the article.

Whenever our people encourage home industry and home enterprise, stimulating the production at home of every article of necessity or luxury in use among us, then and not till then will ours be an independent and prosperous community. The money that is now sent abroad to purchase articles which could be profitably produced here, if retained among us, would ever prevent such monetary panics as we are now experiencing; besides, our experience is, that it is generally cheaper, in the end though the price be more, to purchase at home.—*Greensboro' Patriot.*

MORTAR.—The ancients made a kind of mortar so very hard and binding that it is now found to be almost impossible to separate the parts of some of their buildings. The lime used in these harder mortars is said to have been prepared in those early days from the hardest stones, sometimes from marble. Fine sand makes weak, and coarse sand strong mortars, and the sand should be washed before mixing to obtain the large grains. The lime should be thoroughly burned, and perfectly white. The principle upon which it hardens is that the lime absorbs carbonic acid from the air, and hardens, forming a concrete around the grains of sand.—It was customary to mix with the lime and sand chopped straw; but cow's hair has been substituted; this is only introduced to cause it to bind together, and prevent cracking in the drying.—It is only used for the prime coal.

CHALK FOR WARTS.—A correspondent—W. H. Bennett, of Warwick, R. I.,—informes us that by rubbing chalk frequently on warts, they will disappear. In several instances known to him in which this simple remedy was tried, it proved successful. We have known slightly moistened pearl-ash to remove warts by rubbing it upon them.

EATING BY MACHINERY:—A southern correspondent, much deploring the great waste of time and expense consumed in eating has invented a chewing and stuffing machine, by which all the inconveniencies of the table will be removed, and all that need be done is to place a piece of food in the hopper, turn a handle arranged on the barrel-organ principle, and the food will be masticated, eaten, and digested in a few minutes, to the tune of "Yankee Doodle." After this, who shall say there is no fun in science, and no comicality in invention?

Salad for the Solitary.

Wit is brush-wood, Judgment timber: the one gives the greatest Flame, the other yields the durablest Heat; and both meeting make the best Fire. SIR THOMAS OVERBURY.

ARITHMEICAL QUESTION. A certain resorvoir has 4 discharging pipes. When the 1st and 2d only are opened, its contents will be discharged in 252 minutes; when the 1st and 3rd only are opened, it will take 280 minutes; when the 1st and 4th only are opened, it will take 315 minutes, and when the 2nd and 4th only are opened it will take 504 minutes. How long would it take each pipe alone to empty the resorvoir, and how long would it take all together?

Answer to question of last week.—10 turkeys, 20 ducks, 30 chickens. He got 75cts apiece for the turkeys, 40cts for the ducks, 25cts for the chickens.

☞ Folks who have a caty-cornered conscience, think it is sin ever to be merry or cheery, or giving to smiles, jokes, or laughter. Now, ever since we read of Tony Lumpkins, we have been favorable to laughter in its proper season—it favors the growth of fat. If it was made man's duty to wear a face like a little basket of withered crab apples, and cry "woe, woe," day and night, there would have been no use for the visible muscles around one's mouth; since they are given, however, we are for using them. The birds in the forest boughs sing as if their lives and glossy coats depended upon it; fish play hide and seek among the tufts of water moss; the doves in the hedge bill and coo and sleek their Dorothy drab; and even the dogs cease growling at times and play mumble-pumble on the grass in the meadow. Then why shouldn't we be merry too?

Lord Byron observing one day to the poet, Rogers, that punning was the lowest species of wit, "Indeed," said Rogers, "it is the foundation."

A young urchin hearing that his brother was very sick, asked his father the following question: "I say, dad, if Pete dies, mayn't I have his boots?"

A physician advised his patient about eating too fast, and told him that "bolting" his food was a "bar" to digestion. Patient was a wag—"Now you speak iron-ically, doctor," he replied.

The Philadelphia *Gazette*, speaking of a new *prima donna*, says: "Her voice is as soft as a roll of velvet, and as tender as a pair of ready-made pantaloons."

A WORD OF ADVICE TO YOUNG MEN.—The Ohio Farmer, in some sensible remarks on women's rights, has the following paragraph:

We would beg to suggest another right which we think a woman is entitled to, and that is, to have something else besides *flattery and nonsense talked to her.* We would venture to remark to our young men, that a sensible young lady is at least as sensible as a fool of a young man; perhaps, in some cases even moreso. Don't think yourself disagreeable, if your face is not always spoiled with a smirk, a moustache or a simper. The laughing hyena is not the beau-ideal of every young lady. Take our advice, and venture to talk good sense, in good grammar, and with a natural voice and countenance, to the first young lady you meet; it is *her right* to be addressed in this way, and it is your right and duty to do it.

DEAD HEADING.—A doctor wished to pass free through a toll gate on a road leading to a cemetery. "Oh, no!" said the gate keeper "you send too many dead-heads' through here now.

A GOSSIPPING VILLAGE.—There is such a place as Squeezeville. A traveler says of it: "Went there once—only rode through the town—came again eleven years after—rode through again, and heard one chap say to another, 'Jest look, he's got a blue snapper on to his whip lash this time.'"

MANY a radiant soul, it seems to us, has been enclosed in an awkward tenement, just to let us see how wonderfully it can shine out. How beautiful the lantern, when the light is kindled within! How burnished the hearth whereon the fire is glowing!

"I'll pay your bill at sight," as the blind man said to the doctor, who had in vain attempted to cure him of blindness.

A doctor went to bleed a dandy, who languidly exclaimed, "O, doctor, you're a great butcher!" To which the doctor rejoined, "O, yes, I'm used to sticking calves."

The following was perpetrated on the marriage of a Mr. Husband to the lady of his choice:

'This case is the strangest we've known in our life!
The husband's a Husband, and so is his wife?'

"Experience," says Punch "is like a flannel waistcoat, that we do not think of putting on until we have caught cold."

"The iron has entered my soul," as the stage carpenter said when a nail ran up his foot.

Vague, injurious reports are no men's lies, but all men's carelessness.

The longer the saw of contention is drawn the hotter it grows.

Defer no charities till death: he who does so is liberal rather with another man's goods than with his own.

A MEAN FELLOW WITH A MEAN NAME.—Somebody says the *devil* is a mean word any way you can fix it. You can't make a respectable word of it anyhow. Remove the *d* and it's evil, remove the *e* and it is vile, remove the *v* and it's ill, remove the *i* and *l* itself is cockney for *hell.* We reckon that any fellow but the old rebel and traitor referred to, would petition for a change of name after such a showing up.

Our "devil" wants to know how many "sheets" there are in a "token" of love.

Most men employ the first part of their life to make the other miserable.

OXYGENATED BITTERS. This remedy for Dyspepsia, which astonishes all who have used it, by its instantaneous and almost miraculous effect, has obtained a distinction and popularity beyond any medicine we have ever known.

Business Cards.

THE TIMES:
A LITERARY & FAMILY PAPER, PUBLISHED FOR THE SOUTH
Having a large list of the best WRITERS, its contents are mostly original—embracing Original Stories History, Biography, Science, Agriculture, Education, Poetry and News.
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☞ Specimens sent gratis.

TO THE PUBLIC.—The undersigned being well known as a writer, would offer his services to all those requiring literary aid. He will write Orations, Addresses, Essays, Presentation speeches and replies, prepare matter for the Press, write Acrostics, Lines for Albums, Obituaries, and in fact attend to every species of correspondence. The utmost secrecy maintained. Address, FINLEY JOHNSON,
107tf Baltimore, Md.

J. W. HOWLETT, D. D. S. J. F. HOWLETT.

J. W. HOWLETT & SON, DENTISTS,

Respectfully offer their professional services to the citizens of Greensborough and all others who may desire operations performed on their teeth in the most approved, modern and scientific manner.

They are amply qualified to perform all and every operation pertaining in any way to Dental Surgery, unsurpassed for utility or beauty.

The Senior of the firm has in his possession Diplomas from the Baltimore College of Dental Surgery, American Society of Dental Surgeons, and Dr. S. S. Fitch of Philadelphia, and has been in the regular practice of the profession for over twenty years.

They have furnished their Operating Rooms [on Market Street two doors above the Bland House,] in a handsome and comfortable manner for the reception of ladies, where one of the firm may always be found. Ladies will be waited on at their residences if desired.
January 1, 1856. 1-1y.

JAMES M. EDNEY, COMMISSION MERCHANT, 56 *John street, N. Y.*
Buys and forwards every kind of merchandise, for 2½ *per cent. Commission.* Refers to Govs. Swain and Morehead, N. W. Woodfin, J. W. Osborne, C. P. Mendenhall, A. M. Gorman, Esqs. and Rev. C. F. Deems, Hon. W. A. Graham, and others. *Dealer in* Pianos, Melodeons, Organs, Harps, Guitars, Music, Sewing Machines, Iron Safes, Pumps, Garden Engines, &c. A printed list of all the different makers, kinds and prices *sent free.* Publisher of an elegant lithograph of "*Hickory Nut Falls,*" N. C. ($1,) and the "*Cherokee Physician: or, Indian Guide to Health.*" This invaluable *family adviser* should be in every house. It treats of all diseases, has a copious glossary and prescribes the remedies and from nature's bounteous stores for all our infirmities and misfortunes. It is printed on fine white paper, handsomely bound, fourth edition, 300 pages, and is *mailed free for one dollar.*
New Rosewood Pianos, $150. (107:1y)

A NEW CABINET SHOP—J. A. PRITCHETT would respectfully inform the citizens of Greensboro and surrounding country that he has opened a CABINET SHOP on South street, one door from the Depot, where he is prepared to furnish all articles in his line such as Dressing Bureaus, Wardrobes, Bedsteads, Washstands, Tables, &c.
Work delivered on board the Cars *free of charge.*
He is desirous that all persons wishing anything in his line would call and examine his work as he is confident, from his past experience, that it cannot be excelled in any other shop. 60::1y

Dr. B. L. COLE,
HAVING TAKEN AN OFFICE on West Market St., Greensboro, N. C., next door to Cole & Amis' Store, offers his services to the Citizens of said place and surrounding country
From his experience in the treatment of disease, he flatters himself that he can meet and conquer the various forms of disease, though insidious in its attack, wherever the science of Medicine or Surgery can be available.
He would particularly call the attention of those suffering with scrofula, cancer, and all other Surgical diseases, Diseases and Malformation of the eye and ear. Those having cross eyes and wishing them straight and natural in appearance can have it done by applying to him.
Ladies suffering from long standing chronic disease which has baffled the skill of others might be benefitted by giving him a trial, as his experience has been extensive in the treatment of diseases peculiar to Females, at all events no charge will be made for advice when his skill cannot cure or greatly mitigate the sufferings of his patient. Persons living at a distance and wishing the benefit of his services by applying to him will be assisted in procuring comfortable boarding on accommodating terms. He has also had an extensive practice in Specific diseases of all kinds and professional Confidence never violated.
Feb. 1, 1858. 108-1y.

Cabinet Furniture
AND
COTTAGE BEDSTEADS,
MANUFACTURED BY
JOS. SEARS.
THESE BEDSTEADS, with other articles of Cabinet Furniture, kept constantly on hand and for sale cheap by the Manufacturer. Apply at his shop on West Market street, shop formerly occupied by P. Thurston.
Greensboro, N. C. 22:7m

MRS. LUCRETIA SALLEE HAS taken a room in Messrs. J. & F. Garret's New Brick building, second story, and expects to be able to accommodate all who may want Bonnets Bleached and Dressed. She will also make Ladie's Dresses, or Gentlemen's Coats, Pants, Vests. All work will be done in good style and on moderate terms.
Room No. 3, second story, J. & F. Garrett's New Brick Building.
Oct 27th. (44.)

New Photographic Gallery.
WEAR & LEE, *Artists.*
Room over the Store of C. N. McAdoo.
THE Ladies and Gentlemen of Greensboro and vicinity, are most respectfully invited to call and examine specimens of their work.—Every kind and style of Picture know in the Art, will be taken at their Gallery.
The Senior Partner, having been engaged nearly the last ten years in the business, and having operated in Galleries of the highest repute in the Northern cities, feels competent to give entire satisfaction. They hope their desire and ability to please will insure them a corresponding measure of success.
J. S. WEAR,
A. S. LEE.
January 25, 1858. 107:3m

Young America in the Field!
H. C. GORRELL is now prepared to take likenesses of all descriptions, Ambrotypes, Melainotypes, Cameotypes, &c., surpassed by none for beauty and durability. Having permanently located in this plaace, he confidently looks for a liberal patronage. Call and examine his specimens. Gallery on the 2nd floor of Garrett's New Brick building.
Greensboro Feb. 1858. 108.

THE BEST CHANCE TO GET A GOOD BARGAIN.—The subscriber informs his Friends and the public generally that he has yet on hand a very large Stock of Ready made Clothing, Boots, Shoes, Shirts, Drawers, Umbrellars, Carpet Bags, Watches, Pistols and a great many other articles too numerous to mention, which will be sold at cost for cash to close the Business, persons in want of such goods will do well to call early as they are *going,* GOING, GOING & GONE.
S. ARCHER,
Grensboro, March '58. East Market-Street.

THE NORTH-CAROLINA
JOURNAL OF EDUCATION,
Devoted to the general interests of Education, in all its grades, is published in neat pamphlet form, on the 1st of every month at the following rates:
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☞ *All communications should be addressed to the Resident Editor, Greensboro', N. C.*

Persons sending $3 will receive a copy of the *Journal* and a copy of the *Times*, for one year.

Opinions of the Press.

We make the following extracts from the notices, of the first No. of the N. C. Journal of Education, in our exchanges:

"The Journal will prove of service to the State, and we recommend all who are interested in the progress of Education in North Carolina to subscribe."—*Wilmington Herald.*

"The cause of Education will form the burden of its efforts. The present number is one of much promise, and from the number and character of the Editors, we may look for a very valuable publication."—*Wilmington Commercial.*

The Central Presbyterian, published in Richmond Va., after mentioning a number of the Board of Editors says—"These names are a pledge to the public that the journal will be conducted with ability,—and from their diversified position over an extensive field they can the more effectually present their views, experiences, and observations, for the common benefit of all. The design of the work is *practical.* * * * The field, is a large and diversified one; and such a work can scarcely fail to have an auspicious bearing upon the cause of education not only in North Carolina, but in other States. And here we may be permitted to remark that very few are aware of the progress which North Carolina has made during the last twenty years, in the cause of education. * * * For ourselves we are not at all envious of North Carolina, because of her having first embarked in this enterprise; but we wish her God speed in every noble undertaking, for the enlightenment and elevation of her people."

We might multiply the extracts, but our friends have already seen many of them and we have not room for more.

HOWARD ASSOCIATION, Philadelphia.—A Benevolent Institution, established by special endowment for the relief of the sick and distressed, afflicted with Virulent and Epidemic diseases.

To all persons afflicted with Sexual Diseases, such as Spermatorrhœa, Seminal Weakness, Imporence, Gonorrhœa, Gleet, Syphilis, the Vice of Onanism, or self abuse, &c., &c

The Howtrd Association, in view of the awful destruction of human life, caused by Sexual diseases, and the deceptions practised upon the unfortunate victims of such diseases by Quacks, several years ago directed their Consulting Surgeon, as a CHARITABLE ACT worthy of their name, to open a Dispensary for the treatment of this class of diseases, in all their forms, and to give MEDICAL ADVICE GRATIS, to all who apply by letter, with a description of their condition, (age, occupation, habits of life, &c.,) and in cases of extreme poverty, to FURNISH MEDICINES FREE OF CHARGE. It is needless to add that the Association commands the highest Medical skill of the age, and will furnish the most approved modern treatment.

The Directors, on a review of the past, feel assured that their labors in this sphere of benevolent effort, have been of great benefit to the afflicted, especially to the young, and they have resolved to devote themselves, with renewed zeal, to this very important but much despised cause.

Just Published by the Association, a Report on Spermatorrhœa, or Seminal Weakness, the Vice of Onanism, Masturbation or a Self-Abuse, and other Diseases of the Sexual Organs, by the Consulting Surgeon, which will be sent by mail, (in a sealed letter envelope,) FREE OF CHARGE, on receipt of TWO STAMPS for postage.

Address, for Report or treatment, Dr. GEO. R. CALHOUN, Consulting Surgeon, Howard Association, No. 2 South Ninth Street, Philadelphia, Pa. By order of the Directors.
EZRA D. HEARTWELL, *Pres.*
GEO. FAIRCHILD, *Sec.*
March, 1858. (113-1 y.)

WONDERFUL DISCOVERY—Cole & Amis have discovered they can sell Goods cheaper for cash by at least 25 per cent. than they have formerly been sold at in this section of county. They are now receiving a large addition to their stock of Groceries and Domestic Dry Goods, consisting of Sugars, Coffees, Molasses, Cheese, Salt, and Liquors of all kinds, Confectionaries, Fruits preserved and dried, both in Syrup and Brandy. Also, a large stock of Domestic Dry Goods, Shirting, Sheeting, Bleached Domestics, Heavy-drilled Domestics, Linsies, Kersies, Jeans of superior quality and variety, and a large stock of Calico prints, Shoes, &c., &c., &c.
Call and examine before you purchase elsewhere, and the difference cannot but be perceived. Country Merchants will find it to their interest to give us a call as we will sell for a very small advance on cost. Give us a trial.
West Market st., Greensboro, N. C
Dec, 1857

ATLANTA MEDICAL COLLEGE.
THE FOURTH COURSE of LECTURES in this Institution will commence on the first Monday in May next, and continue four months.

FACULTY:
H. W. Brown, M.D., Prof. of Anatomy.
John W. Jones, M.D., Prof. of Principles and Practice of Medicine
W. F. Westmoreland, M.D., Prof. of Principles and Practice of Surgery.
Thos. S. Powell, M.D., Prof. of Obstetrics and Diseases of Women and Children.
Alex. Means, M.D., Prof. of Chemistry and Pharmacey.
Joseph P. Logan, M.D., Prof. of Physiology and General Pathology.
J. G. Westmoreland, M.D., of Materia Medica and Medical Jurisprudence.
T. C. H. Wilson, M.D., Demonstrator of Anatomy.

FEES:
For the course of Lectures,............105
Matriculation,............ 5
Dissecting Ticket, (taken once)......... 10
Graduation,............ 25

The increased facilities in the Departments of Anatomy, Surgery and Chemistry, afforded by ample and well adapted rooms in the New College Building, make these branches of study much more entertaining than heretofore. The Dissecting Room, situated in the upper story of the building, and furnished with sky-light, will be opened and supplied with sound and inoffensive subjects by the 15th of April.
Good board can be had in the city at $3 to $4 per week.
For further information address,
J. G. WESTMORELAND, Dean.
Atlanta, Ga., Feb. 8, 1858 (110:2m)

FRANGIPANI, AN ETERNAL Perfume. The perfume bearing the above name is undoubtedly one of the most gratifying to the olfactory nerve ever yet discovered.
Call at Porter's Drug Store where you can get it in any of its variety of forms—with a great variety of other popular perfumes and Toilet articles.
Dec. 1.

AN EXCELLENT Assortment of Hats and Caps may be found at the cash store of R. N. CALDWELL.

A FULL SUPPLY OF BLANKS ALways on hand.

JOB WORK.

Having just added to our hitherto large and well-selected Job Office, a magnificent assortment of Plain & Fancy Job TYPE, we are confident that we can execute ALL KINDS OF JOB PRINTING IN THE BEST STYLE FOR THE LEAST MONEY OF ANY OFFICE IN THE STATE. Persons wishing
Pamphlets, Circulars, Hand-Bills,
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Or any thing else in the Printing line, would do well to try us once.

BLANKS.

WE have just printed, on a very good article of Fool's Cap, a general assortment of BLANKS—consisting (in part) of
Blank Warrants, Ca Sa Bonds, Affidavits,
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Com. for Depositions, Writs to sell Land, &c., &c.
Or will print, on the shortest notice, any kind we may not have on hand if ordered. They can be sent by mail if desired.
☞ For Jobs or Blanks, address or call on
OGBURN, COLE & ALBRIGHT,
West Market Street, Greensboro N. C

THE LIVER
INVIGORATOR!
PREPARED BY DR. SANFORD,
Compounded entirely from GUMS,
IS ONE OF THE BEST PURGATIVE AND LIVER MEDICINES now before the public, that acts as a *Cathartic*, easier, milder, and more effectual than any other medicine known. It is not only a *Cathartic*, but a *Liver* remedy, acting first on the *Liver* to eject its morbid matter, then on the stomach and bowels to carry off that matter, thus accomplishing two purposes effectually, without any of the painful feelings experienced in the operations of most *Cathartics.* It strengthens the system at the same time that it purges it; and when taken daily in moderate doses, will strengthen and build it up with unusual rapidity.

SANFORD'S LIVER INVIGORATOR.

The Liver is one of the principal regulators of the human body; and when it performs its functions well, the powers of the system are fully developed. The stomach is almost entirely dependent on the healthy action of the *Liver* for the proper performance of its functions; when the stomach is at fault, the bowels are at fault, and the whole system suffers in consequence of one organ—the Liver—having ceased to do its duty. For the diseases of that organ, one of the proprietors has made it his study, in a practice of more than twenty years, to find some remedy wherewith to counteract the many derangements to which it is liable.

To prove that this remedy is at last found, any person troubled with Liver Complaint, in any of its forms, has but to try a bottle, and conviction is certain.

These Gums remove all morbid or bad matter from the system, supplying in their place a healthy flow of bile, invigorating the stomach, causing food to digest well, purifying the blood, giving tone and health to the whole machinery, removing the cause of the disease—effecting a radical cure.

Billious attacks are cured, and, what is better, prevented, by the occasional use of the Liver Invigorator.

One dose after eating is sufficient to relieve the stomach and prevent the food from rising and souring.

Only one dose taken before retiring, prevents Nightmare.

Only one dose taken at night, loosens the bowels gently, and cures Costiveness.

One dose taken after each meal will cure Dyspepsia.

☞ One dose of two teaspoonfuls will always relieve Sick Headache.

One bottle taken for female obstruction removes the cause of the disease, and makes a perfect cure.

Only one dose immediately relieves Cholic, while

One dose often repeated is a sure cure for Cholera Morbus, and a preventive of Cholera.

☞ Only one bottle is needed to throw out of the system the effects of medicine after a long sickness.

☞ One bottle taken for Jaundice removes all sallowness or unnatural color from the skin.

One dose taken a short time before eating gives vigor to the appetite, and makes food digest well.

One dose often repeated cures Chronic Diarrhœa in its worst forms, while Summer and Bowel complaints yield almost to the first dose.

One or two doses cures attacks caused by Worms in Children: there is no surer, safer, or speedier remedy in the world, as it *never fails.*

☞ A few bottles cures Dropsy, by exciting the absorbents.

We take pleasure in recommending this medicine as a preventive for Fever and Ague, Chill Fever, and all Fevers of a Bilious Type. It operates with certainty, and thousands are willing to testify to its wonderful virtues.

All who use it are giving their unanimous testimony in its favor.

☞ Mix Water in the mouth with the Invigorator, and swallow both together.

THE LIVER INVIGORATOR
IS A SCIENTIFIC MEDICAL DISCOVERY, and is daily working cures, almost too great to believe. It cures as if by magic, *even the first dose giving benefit*, and seldom more than one bottle is required to cure any kind of Liver Complaint, from the worst *Jaundice* or *Dyspepsia* to a common *Headache*, all of which are the result of a Diseased Liver.
PRICE ONE DOLLAR PER BOTTLE.
SANFORD & Co., Proprietors, 345 Broadway, New York.
Wholesale Agents:
BARNES & PARK, New York; T. W. DYOTT & SONS, Philadelphia; M. S. BURR & Co., Boston; H. H. HAY & Co., Portland; JOHN D. PARK, Cincinnati; GAYLORD & HAMMOND, Cleveland; FAHNESTOCK & DAVIS, Chicago; O. J. WOOD & Co., St. Louis; GEORGE H. KEYSER, Pittsburgh; S. S. HANCE, Baltimore. And retailed by all Druggists. *Sold also by*
115;1y T. J. PATRICK, Greensboro.

A BEAUTIFUL HEAD of RICH GLOSSY HAIR, completely preserved to the greatest age.
And who that is gray would not have it restored to former color: or bald, but would have the growth restored, or troubled with dandruff and itching but would have it removed, or troubled with scrofula, scald head, or other eruptions, but would be cured, or with sick headache, (neuralgia) but would be cured. It will also remove all pimples from the face and skin. Prof. Wood's Hair Restorative will do all this, see circular and the following.

ANN ARBOR, November 5, 1856.
PROF. O. J. WOOD—Dear Sir: I have heard much said of the wonderful effects of your Hair Restorative, but having been so often cheated by quackery and quack nostrums, hair dyes, &c., I was disposed to place your Restorative in the same category with the thousand and one loudly trumpeted quack remedies, until I met you in Lawrence county some months since, when you gave me such assurance as induced the trial of your Restorative in my family—first by my good wife, whose hair had become very thin and entirely white, and before exhausting one of your large bottles, her hair was restored nearly to its original beautiful brown color, and had thickened and become beautiful and glossy upon, and entirely over the head; she continues to use it, not simply because of its beautifying effects upon the hair, but because of its healthful influence upon the head and mind. Others of my family and friends are using your Restorative, with the happiest effects; therefore, my skepticism and doubts in reference to its character and value are entirely removed; and I can and do most cordially and confidentially recommend its use by all who would have their hair restored from white or gray (by reason of sickness or age,) to original color and beauty, and by all young persons who would have their hair beautiful and glossy. Very truly and gratefully yours, SOLOMON MANN.

FRIEND WOOD: It was a long time after I saw you at Blissfield before I got the bottle of Restorative for which you gave me an order upon your agent in Detroit, and when I got it we concluded to try it on Mrs. Mann's hair, as the surest test of its power. It has done all that you assured me it would do; and others of my family and friends, having witnessed its effects, are now using and recommending its use to others as entitled to the highest consideration you claim for it. Again, very respectfully and truly, yours, SOLOMON MANN.

CARLYLE, ILL., June 28, 1852.
I have used Prof. O. J. Wood's Hair Restorative, and have admired its wonderful effects. My hair was becoming, as I thought, prematurely gray, but by the use of his Restorative it has resumed its original color, and, I have no doubt, permanently so.
S. BRESSE, ex-Senator, U. S.
O. J. WOOD & CO., Proprietors, 312 Broadway, N. Y., (in the great N. Y. Wire Railing Establishment) and 114 Market street, St. Louis, Mo. And sold by all good Druggists by
T. J. PATRICK,
W. C. PORTER,
109:3m Greensboro.

WHY DO YE SUFFER WITH CANCERS, ASTHMA, SCROFULA, or any SKIN DISEASE, when it is in your power to be speedily and effectually cured? Having treated many very bad cases—some which were given up as hopeless, by those not knowing my remedies—I have no hesitancy in saying *I can cure any one of the above diseases in a very short time.* Seeing is believing, and if any one is credulous, I can produce a number of certificates from some of the first men in this and the adjoining States.
Address, WM. E. EDWARDS, Greensboro, N. C.
And calls will be made or Medicine sent by mail, at your option.

He is also in possession of a plain and simple art, by which the worst cases of STUTTERING and STAMMERING can be cured in a very short time.
☞ The afflicted would do well to write him, and describe their case.

FALL AND WINTER GOODS.—R. N. Caldwell has just received his neat and well selected assortment of Fall and Winter Goods, consisting in Dry Goods, Hardware, Crockery, Groceries, Druggs, Paints and Die Stuffs, Castings, Cedar and willow wares, all of which he offers on the most reasonable terms and earnestly solicits his friends, and the trading community to an examination of his stock.
Terms exclusively cash or its equivolent, and no deviation in Prices.
R. N. CALDWELL.